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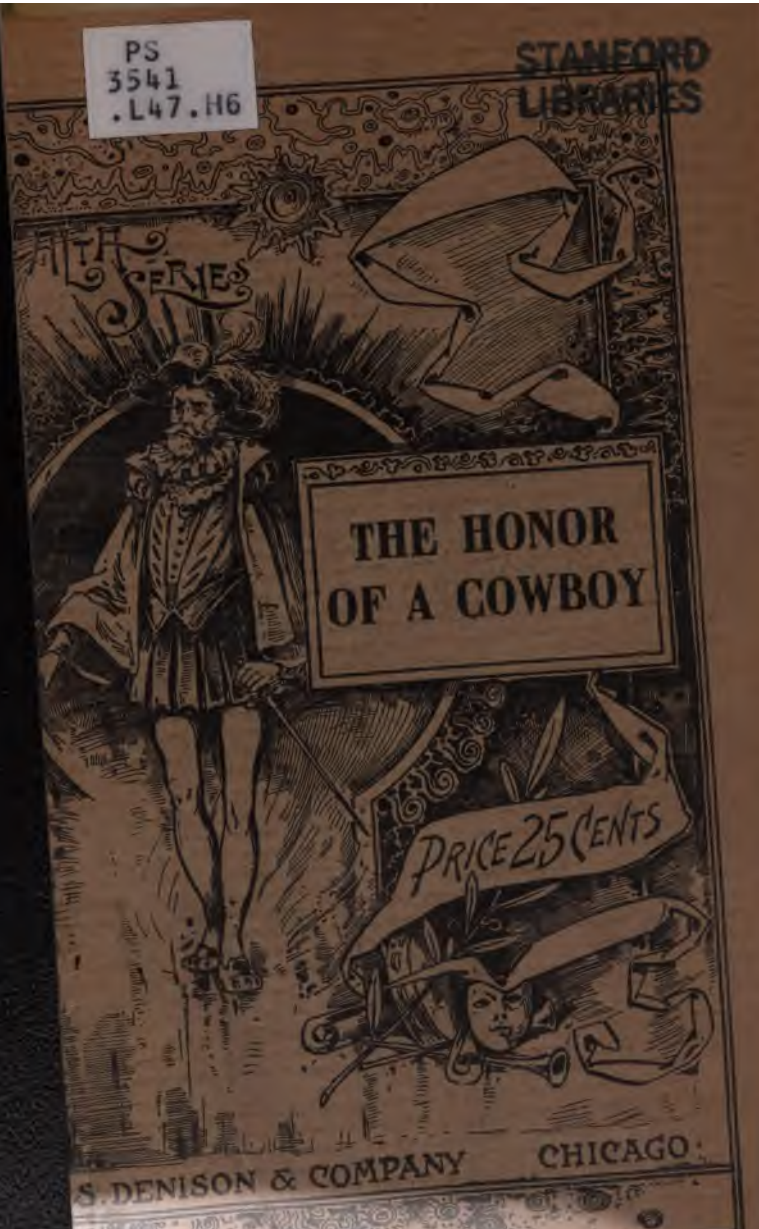
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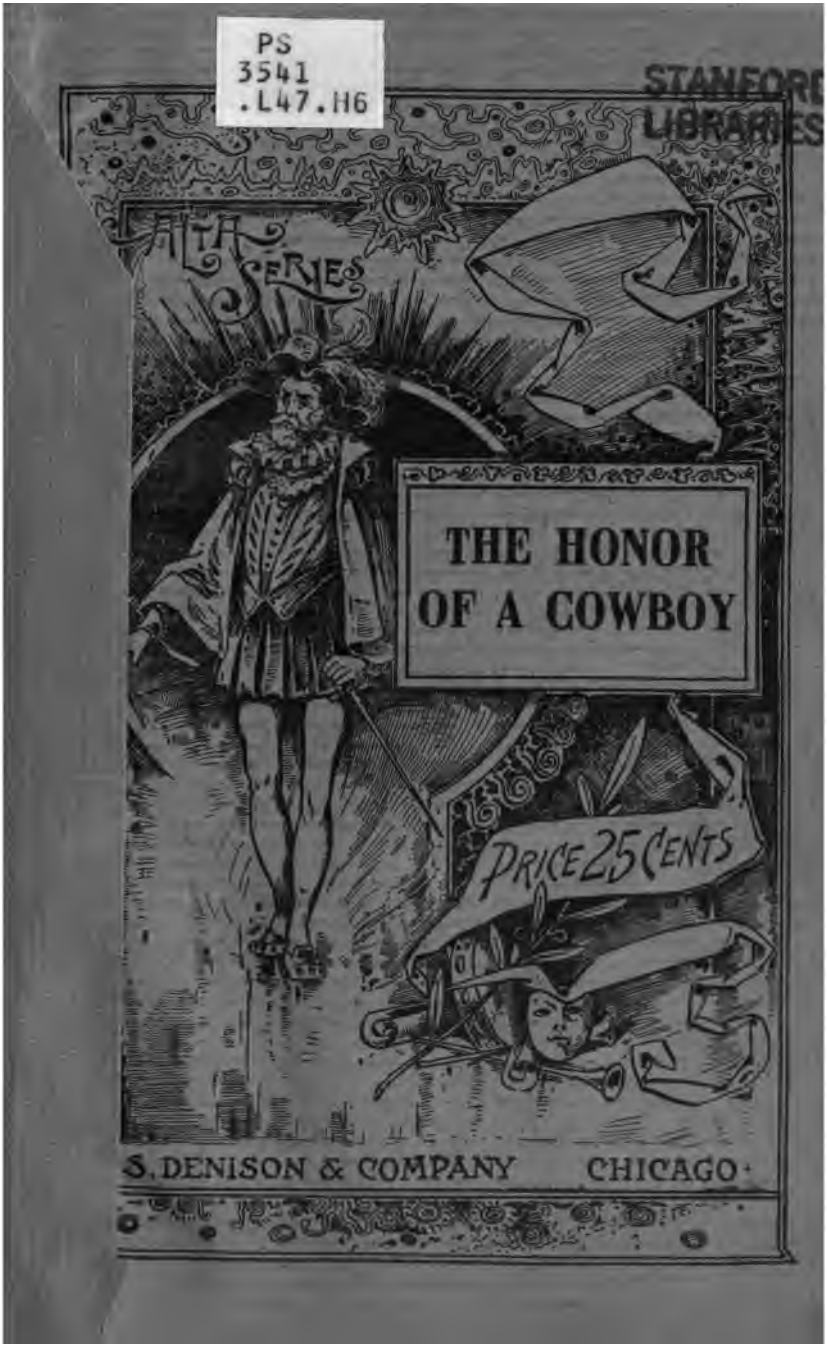
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Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min...		3 3
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Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min..		5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min....		3 5
Box and Cox, 35 min.....		2 1
Case Against Casey, 40 min...23		
Convention of Papas, 25 min..		7
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THE HONOR OF A COWBOY

A COMEDY DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

BY
CHARLES ULRICH
AUTHOR OF
The Man from Nevada, "*A Celestial Maiden*," "*Robespierre*," "*Nell Gwyn of London Town*." "*For Home and Country*," *etc.*



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY,
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THE HONOR OF A COWBOY.

CHARACTERS.

HARRY MORLEY.....*A Cowboy with a Secret*
JACK STANTON.....*A Road Agent*
BILL JENKINS
....*A Montana Sheriff, Who is Quick on the Trigger*
JUDGE J. E. BUCKLEY.....*A Frontier Magistrate*
JIM SELBY.....*A Cowboy and a Friend of Morley's*
MISSOURI SMITH.....*Who Has Seen Better Days*
SCAR FACE.....*An Indian with a Fondness for Whisky*
MEXICAN PETE.....*A Road Agent and Renegade*
SAM TRAVERS.....*A Deputy of Stanton's*
SAM SMITHERS.....*A Deputy Sheriff*
TEXAS, MOSEY }.....*Members of Stanton's Gang*
C. MASON MAITLAND.....*An Attorney*
BARKEEPER.....*Of the Red Light Saloon*
MARY BUCKLEY....*A Maid With a Fondness for the Trail*
LUCY ARBUCKLE.....*A School Teacher*
MRS. SUSAN TREVELYN.....*Of New York's Four Hundred*
JENNIE SMITH.....*Who Has a Mind of Her Own*
Cowboys, Road Agents, etc.

NOTE.—Morley and Stanton must double; being twin brothers they must resemble each other more closely than it would be possible if two people were cast for the parts.
If desirable, Pete and Maitland double. Smith and Travers double. Texas and Buckley double. Smithers and Mosey double.

PLACE—*Montana.*
TIME—*1875.*
TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours and Thirty Minutes.*

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ACT I.—Hotel at Pine Bottom.—The Accusation.
ACT II.—Stanton's Lair in the Mountains.—The Capture.
ACT III.—The Red Light Saloon.—The Punishment.
ACT IV.—Same as Act I.—The Reward of Honor.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

ACT I.—An Indian with a long memory for spirits. A Sheriff who is quick on the trigger. A remnant of the 400 of New York. The Judge falls in love. The cowboys' race. Mary wins. The stage robbery. The betrayal. A cowboy in love. The avowal. The story of Morley's past. "I am a convict." The accusation. "He is the stage robber." The repudiation. "I'll stick to you to the end."

ACT II.—The bandits at poker. Scar Face exposes a trick at cards. Mexican threatens Indian. Mary saves Scar Face. The posse on the secret trail. The preparation for battle. A true man's search for his erring brother. The fight. Morley takes Stanton's place and gives himself up to the posse. A faithful girl's despair. "I do this to save him."

ACT III.—The Red Light saloon does a rushing business. The proposal to rescue Morley. "I will not allow my brother to sacrifice himself for me." The shooting of Pete. Stanton is killed. Morley returns. The bier. "Jack, would I could have died for you."

ACT IV.—Jenkins gives his graveyard to Lucy and then gives up his gun. The proposal of marriage. Mary gets home from Chicago. The Judge and Mrs. Trevelyn have a spat. Cowboys hear of the wedding. They present the bride with "some things." Morley a millionaire. Selby to be best man. The wedding march.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

MORLEY and STANTON.—This is a dual role calling for versatility in action and treatment. Yet it is by no means too difficult for an amateur actor. As Morley, the player must present a big, burly, whole-souled fellow, good natured, shy and pleasant. He is dressed as a typical cowboy, with sombrero, short coat, blue shirt, leggings, tie, etc., with a revolver hanging to his side. He wears top boots and spurs. As STANTON, he is dressed in similar fashion, with the sole exception that he wears a coat of different color to that of MORLEY. He also is paler of countenance. He acts with a reckless swagger, and shows an irritable temper. The actor must show that, while the two characters look alike, they are widely dissimilar in temperament and manner.

JENKINS.—This is a typical westerner, top boots, spurs, broad-brimmed hat, with white collar and red tie. He is a dandy, and while he carries a gun in the regulation way, he is quiet and at no time loud mouthed, although he is known to be a gun fighter. He wears same costume throughout play.

JUDGE.—A breezy western magistrate, who dresses the part like that of a southern planter. He is well dressed, though not ostentatiously. He is pompous, but shows a nature that should endear him to the audience. He is 60 years old.

SELBY.—A typical cowboy, dressed like Morley, but showing less care of personal appearance. He is good natured, jovial and laughs much. He carries the regulation gun, etc. He is young, about 25.

SMITH.—A comedy part, that of a sot who is irreclaimable, but who shows that he has seen better days and who tries to delude others that he is still all right. He is about 50 and wears faded garments, with tall hat, much battered.

He makes up in eccentric fashion and his nose is of a ruby red. He should be good natured and never prone to anger.

SCAR FACE.—An Indian, about 50 years old, with a fondness for drink. He walks about with dignified mien and his actions always denote that he holds most white people as being his inferiors. He dresses with conventional buckskin leggings, red blanket, well worn, blouse or deer skin, long black hair, with a couple of eagle's feathers stuck into it. He furnishes comedy of the dignified sort.

PETE, TRAVERS, TEXAS, MOSEY.—These are western characters, wild, rough and reckless. All are young, ranging from 25 to 30 years. PETE makes up as a Mexican, wearing the costume of the vacquero of that country. TRAVERS, TEXAS and MOSEY wear the western costume, that of cowboys, and all carry revolvers at belt.

SMITHERS.—A young deputy sheriff, who wears the western garb, sombrero, short jacket, flowing tie, trousers tucked in his boots, and revolver strapped to his side. He is young, jovial and gritty.

MAITLAND.—Elderly man, neatly dressed. He is a lawyer, with a good practice, and this fact should be impressed upon the audience. He wears tall hat, choker, swallow tailed coat, silk vest, etc.

MARY.—Young, pretty, intelligent and lively. She must be emotional as well as gay and her liveliness should be natural. She shows she is accustomed to good society as well as the rough companionship of Montana cowboys. She wears in three first acts a sort of cowboy's costume—short skirt, leather leggings, moccasins, sombrero hat, etc. In last act she appears in handsome gown, feathered hat, gloves, etc.

LUCY.—A young woman of retiring disposition, refined and well gowned, but plainly. She wears same costume in Act I and III, but makes change in Act IV.

MRS. TREVELYN.—An elderly, haughty, irritable woman, erratic, proud, pompous, etc. Everything shocks her and she gauges everything by the standard of the 400 of fashionable New York. She dresses in keeping with the part, somewhat showily gowned for that section of country. Two changes are necessary.

JENNIE.—A light going, slovenly girl of sixteen, a maid at the hotel. She apes her betters and furnishes comedy of the soubrette style. She wears tattered garments, but the audience must relish her because of her innate good qualities.

PROPERTY LIST.

ACT I.—Two rocking chairs for veranda. Rough settee to seat two. Newspaper for Mrs. Trevelyn. Sewing material for Lucy. Small coin for Lucy. Revolvers for Morley, Selby, cowboys, etc. (12 will do.) Half dozen small packages for Jennie and Smith. Articles of underwear wrapped up for Smith. Book for Mary.

ACT II.—Several tin plates, coffee pot, kettle, etc., for camp. Rifle for Mary and guns for three road agents. Revolver for Stanton. Whisky flask for Scar Face. Pack cards, money, etc., for poker game. Dagger for Pete. Blank cartridges for road agents.

ACT III.—Rough table and two chairs. Sideboard with glasses, bottles of liquor, etc. Rough bar with glasses. Lot of sporting pictures to paste to walls. Letter for Mary. Stretcher with covering of white cloth.

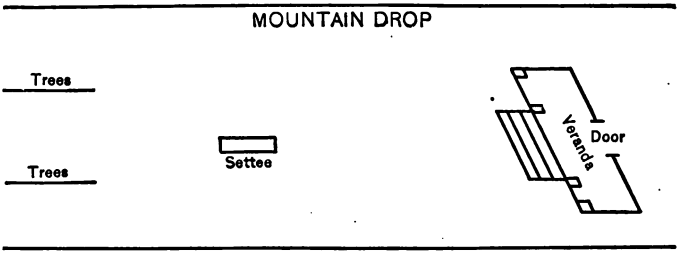
ACT IV.—Document for Jenkins. Nursing bottle, baby rattle, paste ring for Selby. Bundles and grips for Mrs. Trevelyn and Judge. Document for Maitland.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

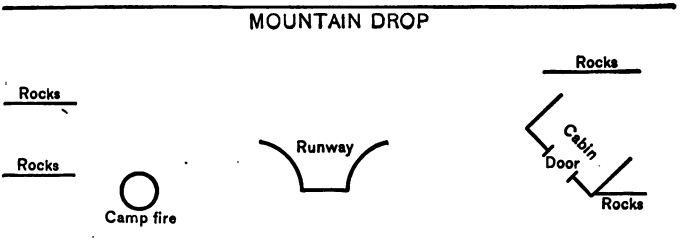
R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; 1 *G.*, first *groove*, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

STAGE SETTINGS.

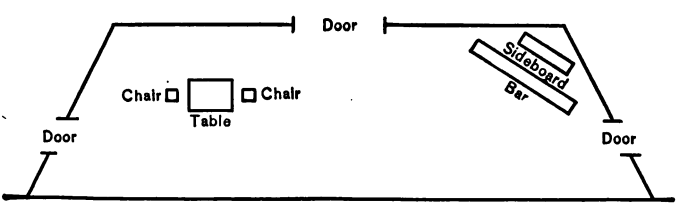
ACTS I AND IV.

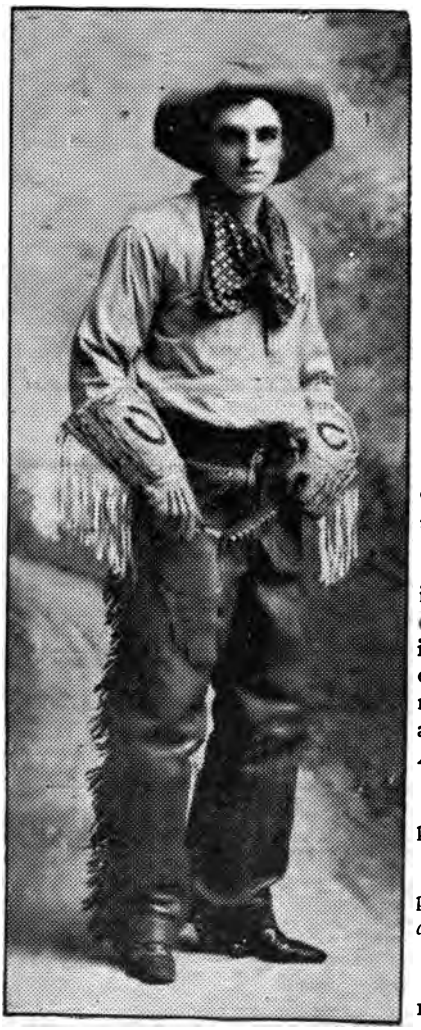


ACT II.



ACT III.





Harry Morley.

OPINIONS OF THE CHICAGO PRESS.

"The Honor of a Cowboy is a strong play with a refreshing atmosphere typical of the plains."—*Joseph McArdle, in the Chronicle.*

"The western spirit and atmosphere are caught and reflected with no inconsiderable cleverness."—*W. L. Hubbard, in the Tribune.*

"The story is consistent and the climaxes are reached without straining or effect."—*Barnett Eastman, in the Journal.*

"The play is not a howling melodrama, but a fine drama with genuine heart interest, clever character drawings and a strong human story told with skill and literary taste."—*Forest Arden, in the Examiner.*

"A beautiful western play."—*Daily News.*

"One of the best western plays on the stage."—*Chicago American.*

Produced January 14, 1906, at The Avenue Theater, Chicago.

THE HONOR OF A COWBOY.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Hotel Plaza at Pine Bottom, Mont., full stage. Plain hotel building with veranda four feet wide, raised three steps, runs obliquely down L. from L. 3 E. Practical door on veranda at L. 2 E. (Open door may be used if desired or more convenient.) One or two easy chairs on veranda. Drop at 5 shows mountain scenery, trail, trees, etc. Rustic chains and settee R. C., well upstage. Set trees R. and L. with shrubbery and flowers here and there to beautify scene. Lights show afternoon effect and grow gradually softer until at end of act, nightfall is evident. If set house cannot be placed in position, make scene a garden and change lines to make it appear hotel is on the left. See Scene Plot for stage setting.*

At rise, discovered: LUCY and MRS. TREVELYN *seated on veranda.* LUCY *is sewing, while* MRS. TREVELYN *is reading newspaper.*

MRS. TREV. (*as she reads*). How positively shocking!

LUCY (*as she sews*). What is the matter, Mrs. Trevelyn?

MRS. TREV. Here's an old acquaintance of mine—a leader in the immortal 400, suing for a divorce on the ground of incompatability of temper.

LUCY. Poor woman! Is she wealthy?

MRS. TREV. Wealthy? Why, she has twenty millions in her own right.

LUCY. Then she will have no difficulty in finding another husband, poor thing!

MRS. TREV. (*sighs*). Oh, these husbands! You can't trust one of them, Lucy!

LUCY (*laughs*). Surely, you don't place the late Mr. Trevelyn in that class?

MRS. TREV. (*shocked*). My poor, dear Thorndyce! Why, certainly not! He was a husband whose counterpart is found in heaven alone!

Enter SCAR FACE *R. U. E. He walks slowly down C.*

LUCY. How lonely he must feel in his new home!

MRS. TREV. Well, I declare, Lucy, there's that filthy Indian again! Why do they permit such creatures to walk about the streets without a keeper, even in Montana?

LUCY. By the best right in the world—the right of original ownership of the land they walk upon.

MRS. TREV. Your argument is absurd, Lucy! When rum-sodden creatures like this Indian are permitted to disturb civilized persons it is high time to provide a remedy.

LUCY. There is one excellent remedy, Mrs. Trevelyn.

MRS. TREV. Indeed! What is it?

LUCY. Avoid them when they approach you.

MRS. TREV. (*throws paper down in disgust*). You are most provoking, Lucy!

LUCY (*laughs*). We will discontinue the argument, Mrs. Trevelyn. Argument, at best, was created only to cause discord and rupture friendships. (SCAR FACE *advances L. to veranda.*)

MRS. TREV. (*rises and gets behind* LUCY). There comes that shocking creature! What can he want? (*Shivers.*) Ugh!

LUCY. Don't be afraid of Scar Face, madam. He is harmless.

SCAR FACE (*to* LUCY, *humbly*). Pale face squaws—how?

LUCY. Good afternoon, Scar Face. What can we do for you?

SCAR FACE. Injin want drink—ugh! heap thirsty.

LUCY. There is fine water at the spring back of the *hotel,* Scar Face.

SCAR FACE (*makes wry face*). Injin never drink water. Water make Injin sick. (*Looks about*). Want whisky.

LUCY. Whisky! Why, it is wrong to drink whisky.

SCAR FACE. Squaw talk t'rough um hat. Whisky put life in Injin. Him die if no get whisky.

LUCY. We have no whisky, Scar Face. You must go to the saloon for that.

SCAR FACE. Ugh! Injin jist come from saloon. Beg for firewater, barkeep knock Injin down with bungstarter. So. (*Imitates action.*)

LUCY (*opens purse, holds out coin*). Well, one drink more or less will make little difference in the reformation of this man. Here's a dime for you.

MRS. TREV. How shocking, Lucy!

LUCY. Promise me you will buy food with this money, Scar Face.

SCAR FACE (*takes coin*). White squaw heap good. (*Examines coin.*)

MRS. TREV. Ridiculous! Why not ask him to buy perfume?

SCAR FACE. Injin no forget white squaw. Me have long memory, so big—(*Holds hands apart for distance of two feet.*)

MRS. TREV. You mean your memory for whisky is so long.

SCAR FACE. Whisky? Ugh! for whisky, so long. (*Makes wide sweep of arms.*)

LUCY (*laughs*). That will do, Scar Face. You may go.

SCAR FACE. Ugh! young squaw fine—old squaw, she a chromo.

MRS. TREV. (*indignant*). Oh, you shocking Indian! I'll have you arrested!

SCAR FACE. Ugh! old squaw on the bum! (*Turns and exits slowly R. U. E.*)

LUCY (*laughs*). You must excuse him, Mrs. Trevelyn.

MRS. TREV. (*fans herself in passion*). What shocking manners! Call me old squaw on the bum! Horrible!

LUCY. The average Montana Indian is no respector of persons nor sex, nor are his manners Chesterfieldian.

MRS. TREV. I'll tell Judge Buckley and see if this vile creature cannot be punished, as he deserves.

LUCY. Oh, don't worry about such a trifle. Come, you were saying awhile ago that, in your judgment, Mary Buckley is in love with Harry Morley.

MRS. TREV. Yes, she virtually admitted as much to me last night.

LUCY. Indeed! What did she say?

MRS. TREV. I twitted her about the rumor I had heard, and she replied saucily that it was nobody's business if she did love Morley.

LUCY. That is a rather vague statement upon which to base your assumption that they are in love. Mary is a spirited girl, and even if she hated Morley she would have made the same reply.

MRS. TREV. Oh, she meant what she said, I'm sure.

LUCY. Why should she not love him? There isn't a better man than Morley in Montana. Besides, did he not save her life last fall when she was caught in that stampede of cattle at Irish Flat? But for his heroic rescue, she must have been gored to death.

MRS. TREV. (*rises, stands on step*). Oh, I'll admit he is brave and all that, but he is only a cowboy, and such people are perfectly dreadful, don't you know. So wild—shocking!

LUCY. But real men—the true timber upon which the foundations of our western civilization rest. They are fearless, daring, honorable, true. I would trust more to the honor of the average western cowboy than to the sworn word of the proudest ruler of Europe.

MRS. TREV. (*horrified*). Lucy Arbuckle! You positively shock me! If you are not careful, you will end by marrying one of these brave, honorable, ungainly, ill-mannered men yourself!

Enter JENKINS *and* JUDGE *R. U. E. They come down L. C.*

LUCY (*sighs and puts up her sewing*). I would esteem it an honor to marry even a cowboy, should he prove *worthy of my love.*

JENKINS (*hat in hand, bowing to ladies*). Ladies, I have the honor to kiss your hands, as the greasers say on the Rio Grande.

LUCY (*rises, bows*). Good afternoon, Sheriff Jenkins. Good afternoon, Judge Buckley. (*Stand on veranda and watch.*)

JUDGE. Good afternoon, Miss Arbuckle. Same to you, Mrs. Trevelyn.

MRS. TREV. I rejoice to see you, gentlemen. Anything new?

JENKINS. Nothin' much, madam. I haint killed anybody sence Saturday.

MRS. TREV. (*horrified*). Shocking!

JUDGE (*laughs*). That's part of Jenkin's business, Mrs. Trevelyn. You mustn't mind little things like that.

JENKINS. That's right, mum. If I didn't plug someone once in awhile, I would be druv out of Montany. 'Sides, I only kill toughs and that's no wusser'n killing wildcats, 'cause one's as bad as tother.

JUDGE. How many have you notched to date, Jenkins?

JENKINS (*draws revolver and counts notches*). Only twenty-seven, Jedge.

MRS. TREV. (*horrified*). You mean that you have killed twenty-seven persons by your own hand, sir?

JENKINS. Yes'um. I jist hed to do it, mum, 'cause I wus fo'ced.

JUDGE (*fanning himself*). Warm day, ladies. Had to adjourn court on account of the heat. Don't like Montana in July, for one gets too great a taste of the hereafter.

JENKINS. Hot in Montana in July, Jedge? Why, you oughter be on the Rio Grande in July. It gits hot enough thar to melt the nails in your boots, shoot me ef it don't.

LUCY (*shakes finger at* JENKINS). That will do, Mr. Jenkins! You are exaggerating again. What did you promise me at church last Sunday?

JENKINS. Beg pardon, Miss Lucy. I wus jest jollyin' the Jedge.

JUDGE (*indignantly*). Jollying me, sir! You rascal, I'll commit you for contempt of court!

JENKINS. Won't do it agin, Jedge, if you'll let me off this time.

MRS. TREV. It is high time someone were getting the limit, Judge Buckley! If I were judge in this country for a time, I'd—I'd—(*hesitates*).

JENKINS (*aside to* JUDGE). If she wus, Jedge, I'd burn down the co'thouse sure.

JUDGE (*to* MRS. TREV.). You'd resign in a week, Mrs. Trevelyn. It isn't a snap to be judge in this country.

MRS. TREV. No, I'd hang a few impertinent sheriffs and burn some drunken Indians at the stake! (*Exits L. 2 E.*)

JENKINS (*looks after her*). By bees' wax! Ef I had that ole woman's temper, I'd have 47 'stead of 27 notches on the handle of my gun. (*Eyes* LUCY.)

JUDGE (*at C.*). She's got dyspepsia, I reckon.

LUCY (*goes to L. 2 E., laughingly*). No, Judge, it's a trace of the fashionable disease known in New York as the 400, and she finds it difficult to conceal the symptoms. (*Exit L. 2 E.*)

JENKINS (*sits in chair on veranda*). I knew it wus somethin' awful, Jedge. The alkali ought to git that out of her system soon, I reckon.

JUDGE (*sits on steps*). Oh, she isn't as bad as she appears, Jenkins. I'm going to tell you a secret. It's a confidential communication of the court to the jury.

JENKINS. 'Taint nothin' serious, I hope, Jedge?

JUDGE (*whispers*). I'm kinder gone on that old girl.

JENKINS (*whistles and points thumb over shoulder towards L. 2 E.*) You don't mean it, Jedge! Not on thet fire eater?

JUDGE (*shakes head violently and rocks himself*). Why, she's all right. She's got a temper, but I love to tame wild horses, and I'll tame her, if she gives me the chance.

JENKINS (*shakes head*). I reckon you'll get throwed, Jedge. You don't think o' marryin' her?

JUDGE. Why, of course.

JENKINS. Then thar's to be two weddin's in the Buckley family?

JUDGE (*starts*). Two weddings?

JENKINS. I s'pose ye hev heerd the report that Miss Mary's gwine to marry Harry Morley.

JUDGE. Indeed! I haven't been consulted yet and they don't marry until they see me. There'll be no marrying in the Buckley family until I set the example. (*A noise heard off L. U. E., faint at first, then growing louder. Shouting, whooping and clatter of hoofs.* JUDGE *runs upstage and looks off L. U. E.*)

JENKINS (*at veranda*). What's the racket, Jedge?

JUDGE. it's Mary racing with a pack of cowboys again. I told her she would have to stop that sport. It's unladylike.

JENKINS (*laughs*). Ye might as well try to make a creek run up hill, Jedge, as to try to fo'ce Mary not to race when she gits hossback on the prairay. 'Taint nat'ral, Jedge.

Noise increases, then enter MARY, *L. U. E., dressed in cowboy's costume, hat, short skirt, short whip, covered with dust, followed by* SELBY, PETE, SMITH, *and* THREE COWBOYS. PETE *looks at* JENKINS, *who is sitting on veranda and goes to him furtively.* MARY *goes down C., laughing, with* JUDGE *and* SELBY. SMITH *and* COWBOYS *stand R. C.*

SELBY (*to* MARY). You beat us good and hard that time, Miss Mary. Beeswax, but you are a tough one!

MARY (*laughs*). It's my horse, Charlie, that's tough, not I, Selby.

JUDGE. So you showed them your heels all the way, Mary?

SELBY. Why, we couldn't see 'em fur dust, Jedge! She made that ole mustang git like old Nick wus at his heels. (*To* COWBOYS.) Didn't she, boys?

COWBOYS (*standing side by side R. C., all together*). You bet she did!

MARY. It was merely a canter, boys. Wait until the races on Fourth of July, and I'll show you some riding then.

SELBY. That's the stuff! We'll all be there and we'll bet our old leggin's you'll pull out winner. Won't we, boys?

COWBOYS (*all together*). You bet we will, Selby. (SELBY *confers with* COWBOYS *R. C.,* JUDGE *goes to* MARY, *C.*)

JUDGE (*to* MARY). Where has my little wild fire been all day?

MARY. Well, dad, I went to the courthouse and heard your charge to the jury in the Bennett cattle stealing case. My, but you did sling your vocabulary. Didn't he, Selby?

SELBY (*comes C.*). I reckon he did, Miss Mary. It would hev took a Philadelphy lawyer to make out half he wus chinnin' to that jury. Why, it was like soothing syrup to a babe in August.

JUDGE (*bristles up*). Sir! What do you mean?

SELBY (*laughs*). Half the jury fell asleep. (COWBOYS *laugh.*)

JUDGE. It was the heat, sir, the heat! Reiterate your charge, sir, and I will fine you for contempt of court.

SELBY. The heat! That's what Scar Face says every time he's put in the calaboose fur gitting drunk.

SMITH (*at L. C.*). It wasn't that, Selby, it was the bad whisky. I know what bad whisky is. When I was tendin' bar in Syracuse—

JUDGE (*interrupts*). I will have no reflections cast upon the oratorical power of the court.

SELBY. Well, so long as it ain't a wet blanket, Jedge, you ought to let it go at reflections. (*Confers with* COWBOYS).

MARY (*to* JUDGE). Well, dad, I went down to the Flat to see Mrs. Gallagher's sick baby. Poor little thing. It's got wasting fever and won't last long.

SMITH. It ain't the fever—it's the doctorin'. I had the same sickness when I was a babe.

MARY. It's a pity you didn't remain a baby, Smith.

SMITH. That's good! How could I? The late, *lamented* Mrs. Smith (*weeps*) alus said I wus innocent like *a baby and that's the* same thing. When I was teachin' *Sunday school in St. Louis*—

JUDGE (*threateningly*). You had better get back to St. Louis, or you'll be arrested.

SMITH. Walkin's bad, Jedge, so I guess I'll stay. (*Confers with* PETE, *L. C., then exits L. U. E.*)

JUDGE (*to* MARY). So you went to the ranch at Irish Flat, Mary.

MARY (*shyly*). Yes.

JUDGE. To see Morley, I suppose?

MARY. And if so, dad, am I to be fined for contempt of court for that?

JUDGE. Well, that's a matter for judicial consideration, argument, or the filing of briefs. The court is of opinion that an offense has been committed—

MARY (*puts hand on his mouth*). There, dad! I'll leave it to the jury without argument.

JUDGE. Hang it all, Mary, you are always overruling the court. If any judge can get the better of a woman, I'd like to see the color of his hair.

MARY (*caresses him*). Dear old dad! As long as you obey me, you'll find me the most dutiful daughter in the world! I must go now and get ready for dinner. Will you soon rejoin me, dad? (*Goes to veranda.*)

JUDGE. In a moment, Mary. (*Stands up L., near veranda.*)

MARY (*to* SELBY *and* COWBOYS, *who come hat in hand to her at L. 2 E.*). Don't paint the town red, boys.

SELBY (*laughs*). Red! Why, that's too tame for us. We'll paint her purple and green. Won't we, boys?

COWBOYS. You bet, Selby.

MARY (*holds up finger*). I won't have any wild exhibitions, mind! Ride home early, for there's a storm brewing. (*Lights grow dimmer, showing evening effect.*)

SELBY. If you say so, we'll go to prayer meetin' and then skip for the Flat. That's what we'll do, won't we, boys?

COWBOYS (*together*). You bet, Selby! (*Exit* MARY, *L. 2 E.*)

SELBY. Wall, we'll have to meet Morley down the trail,

so come along, boys. (*Exit* SELBY *and* COWBOYS, *R. U. E., noisily.*)

JENKINS (*comes C.*). Guess I'll go down to the sto'e and git de latest news.

PETE (*comes C.*). I wanta talka to you, Sheriff Jenkins.

JENKINS What's up now, Pete?

PETE. Stanton—he robba anoder stage.

JENKINS (*starts*). The scoundrel! Where did it happen?

PETE. At de bridge below Ten-Mile.

JENKINS. Anybody killed?

PETE. No. My friend Pedro, de driver, he get shot in de leg.

JUDGE. This bandit must be captured and punished!

JENKINS (*fingers revolver*). If I ever git a bead on him, Jedge, he won't need no jury 'cept the Coroner's, to sit on his case. What wus took, Pete?

PETE. Express package wort' $7,000 and de mail, 'sides watches and oder tings from de passengaires.

JENKINS. How many in the hold-up, Pete?

PETE. Stanton and tree men.

JENKINS. Which way did they go?

PETE (*in whisper*). Blue Canyon.

JENKINS. I'll get up a posse and we'll hunt down this gang.

JUDGE. It must be done. See me before you leave camp, Jenkins. (*Exit L. 2 E.*)

PETE (*whispers*). Dere is a reward, I tink, Sheriff.

JENKINS. Yes, $5,000, I believe. You want it?

PETE. Yes. I vill show you how to find Stanton—dere is a secret trail, only me and Scar Face knowa de trail.

JENKINS (*watches* PETE *closely*). You've got the devil's face, Pete. (*Pulls out revolver with quick motion and puts it up gainst* PETE'S *face.* PETE *cowers.*) Look yar, greaser. If you play me dirt, I'll send your black soul to hell so durned deep you'll never find it ag'in!

PETE (*alarmed*). I no playa you dirt, Sheriff, I tella you straight—I showa you de trail.

JENKINS (puts up revolver). All right, Pete. I mought

ask ye how ye cum to know so much about Stanton, but you're a greaser an' you couldn't help lyin'. Come to the co'thouse an' we'll talk it over. (*Exit* JENKINS *and* PETE, *R. U. E.*)

Enter JENNIE *and* SMITH, *L. U. E. Both carry a number of bundles.* JENNIE *is in eccentric dress and carries a flashy parasol. They come down C.*

JENNIE (*to* SMITH). Be careful, Uncle Smith, or you'll drop some of them bundles.

SMITH (*at C.*). Me drop my bundles! You don't know my skill. When I wus managin' a parcel express company in Keokuk—

JENNIE (*interrupts*). Stop your chinnin'! We've got work ahead of us now. Look out for them packages!

SMITH (*stumbles toward veranda*). I know how to handle bundles. When I wus a dry goods clerk in Chicago —(*Stumbles and drops bundles. He looks at them with bewildered air.*)

JENNIE (*shrieks*). I knew you'd do it. (*Picks up bundles wildly.*) You'll have me fired yet.

SMITH. No harm done, Jennie. You got to get used to smashes once in a while. When I was a broker in Cincinnati—

JENNIE (*interrupts*). I guess you must have been a broker, 'cause you've been broke ever since.

SMITH. Well, I've got used to it anyhow. (*Pulls piece of goods from a box.*) I wonder what this is?

JENNIE (*takes it from him indignantly*). That's for a lady, and not a piece of worn out machinery like you!

SMITH. Oh, I know! I seen them things before. Why, when I wus selling ladies' garments in Boston—

JENNIE (*interrupts*). You mean horse blankets.

Enter MRS. TREV., *L. 2 E. She stands at door.*

MRS. TREV. (*to* JENNIE). What are you doing there, Jennie? Why don't you fetch me my bundles?

JENNIE (*throws bundles on veranda*). Here, mum, here they are. There's the calico, there's the silk, hat trimmings,

and there's the— (*Drops article of ladies' underwear, looks abashed.*)

MRS. TREV. (*picks up article with shriek and hides it from* SMITH). How dare you expose these things to a horrid man, you impudent girl?

JENNIE (*laughs*). Him a man, mum? Why, he don't trot in that class.

SMITH (*sits R. C.*). That's right, mum, I'm no trotter— I'm a setter.

MRS. TREV. (*picking up bundles*). I'll tell Judge Buckley of this! If there's any law in this God-forsaken country, I'll have you both punished! (*Exit angrily, L. 2 E.*)

JENNIE (*looks after her*). I wouldn't have that old woman's temper for a gift! (*To* SMITH.) I guess I'm fired. It's your fault, uncle. You'll starve me yet.

SMITH (*R. C.*). Don't worry, Jennie. When we can get pie no longer, why—why, we'll eat turkey. (*Loud shouts off stage R.* JENNIE *runs upstage and looks off with show of interest.* SMITH *follows her.*)

JENNIE (*as she looks off*). It's Morley and the Cowboys, havin' a time. Looks like they was givin' him a big send-off.

SMITH (*turns*). So they be! Guess I'll make tracks. When the boys git to jubilatin', then it's time for Smith to hunt his dugout. Ah revoiry, Jennie. (*Exit L. U. E.*.)

Enter, R. U. E., with loud shouts, COWBOYS, *with* SELBY, *all of them dragging* MORLEY. *They come down C., followed by* JENNIE, *who stands on steps of veranda watching.*

MORLEY (*to others as he frees himself*). Stop your infernal yelling, boys, or by thunder! you'll have trouble on your hands. (*Points to* JENNIE.) Don't you see we are in the presence of a lady?

SELBY. What! She a lady? Why, she's only a gal. She don't count.

JENNIE (*looks* SELBY *in face*). She don't, eh? If you *don't stop* talkin' about me, I'll make you swallow your *own popgun.*

A COWBOY (*laughs*). You kaint make no meal off them things, kin ye, Selby? (*Others laugh.*)

SELBY (*bows to* JENNIE). I'm a beggin' of your pardon, Miss. I didn't know you wus the only ace in the deck.

JENNIE. You bet I am, and it's the ace of clubs, too. (*Snaps finger at* SELBY, *who laughs.*)

MORLEY (*laughingly*). I s'pose you'll be good now, Selby. (*To* JENNIE.) Say, Jennie, I'm looking for—for— (*Hesitates.*)

JENNIE. Who? Scar Face?

MORLEY (*disgustedly*). Naw.

JENNIE. Missouri Smith?

MORLEY (*more disgusted*). Naw!

JENNIE. Mrs. Trevelyn?

MORLEY (*in horror*). Good Lord!

JENNIE (*clasps hands*). I know! It's Judge Buckley!

MORLEY. You're on the trail, Jennie. Keep on.

JENNIE. It can't be Jenkins? (*Shakes head.*) I guess I'm up a tree.

MORLEY (*after glance at* COWBOYS, *who are conferring R. C.*). It's—it's—Mary!

JENNIE (*laughs*). Ain't that funny! I never thought of her at all.

MORLEY. Well, I did. Durn me, if I don't think of her night and day.

JENNIE. Well, I don't blame ye, Morley, 'cause she's true blue. There she comes now. (*Points L. 2 E.*)

MORLEY (*runs to veranda steps and watches*). Yes, it is she! Ah, how noble she looks! I were base, indeed, to deceive her. But shall I intrust my secret to her? Will she loathe me? (*He looks off L 2 E. reflectively.*)

JENNIE (*slaps him on back*). Dreamin' ag'in! If love acts like that on gals, then I hope I never will fall in love.

MORLEY (*goes C.*). You're right, Jennie. (*Looks at himself.*) How do I look?

JENNIE. Well, you need a shave, and them boots wouldn't be the worse fur a shine.

MORLEY. Well, you've got a good eye, Jennie, but I

guess I'll have to take a gambler's chance with Mary. I've ridden fifty miles to-day.

Enter PETE, *R. U. E. He comes down C., and seeing* MORLEY, *halts and surveys him in astonishment. He then goes upstage and watches* MORLEY *intently, evidently with a view to concealment.*

JENNIE (*astonished*). Why, where've you been?

MORLEY. Hunting mavericks in Blue Canyon.

PETE (*aside, upstage C.*). Blue Canyon! It's him, I knowa it's him.

JENNIE. Well, here comes Mary Buckley. Two's company, three's a crowd. Good luck, Morley. (*Exit into house, L. 2 E.*)

MORLEY (*to* SELBY *and* COWBOYS). How do I look, boys?

SELBY (*draws* MORLEY'S *hat down over his eyes*). You don't look jist like the dude I see at the opery in Butte last winter. Your hat's too limber, ye oughter starch it. (COWBOYS *laugh.*)

MORLEY. Ah, stop your kiddin'. How are these boots?

SELBY (*critically*). They ain't patent leather gaiters exactly, but they don't show no socks an' that's a p'int in their favor.

COWBOYS (*together*). You bet that's right, Morley.

SELBY (*tugs at* MORLEY'S *coat*). This yere coat ain't no Prince Albert, neither. All the silk is moth eaten. (COWBOYS *laugh.*)

MORLEY (*who is looking anxiously toward L. 2 E.*). If you don't stop your joking, I'll make buzzard's meat of the bunch of you! Git, boys, git! (*He shoves them towards R. U. E. All protest loudly.*)

SELBY (*stops C., looks to L. 2 E., then turns to others*). Oh, that's his game! He wants to talk to Miss Mary. (*To* MORLEY.) Oh, you're a sly critter!

MORLEY (*forcing* SELBY *into crowd*). Off with you, or I'll pulverize you! Git! (*Exeunt* SELBY and COWBOYS, *laughing, R. U. E.*)

Enter MARY, *L. 2 E.* PETE *looks at* MORLEY, *then exits slowly L. U. E.* MORLEY *sees* MARY *and watches her as she goes, book in hand, and seats herself R. C.*

MORLEY (*aside, as he creeps behind her*). By Jupiter! I didn't know I was so bashful. (*After pause, leans over her.*) Miss Mary!

MARY (*looks up from book*). Oh, is it you, Mr. Morley? (*Reads.*)

MORLEY (*aside*). Mr. Morley! Why didn't she say, your majesty? It would have sounded just as chilly. (*To* MARY.) No, it isn't Mr. Morley, it's me—Harry.

MARY (*reads*). "And there came a dreadful pestilence that swept the land, while in its train stalked death, grim and unrelenting. Countless homes were pitilessly invaded, sorrow, most poignant, filled every human heart." (*Reads intently.*)

MORLEY (*aside*). What a cheerful subject! (*To* MARY.) What sort of a joke book are you reading there, Miss Mary?

MARY (*reads*). "But amid the universal sorrow, my lady Bianca, pure as the driven snow, charming as the summer's rose, undaunted by the presence of death, went forth into every home, aiding the sufferers and filling their aching hearts with sunshine and happiness."

MORLEY (*aside*). It must be a book of jokes! That "pure as the driven snow" proves it. (*Leans over her.*) It's too hot to read to-day, Mary. (*Puts hand on book.*)

MARY (*closes book*). Oh, this is the most thrilling thriller I ever read, Mr. Morley. Won't you sit down? (*Points to seat beside her.*)

MORLEY (*bashfully, as he sits beside her R. C.*). Thank you, Miss Mary. I want to apologize to you.

MARY (*surprised*). Apologize to me! What for?

MORLEY. For not being at the Flat when you called there this morning.

MARY. Oh, I never gave the matter a thought.

MORLEY (*after pause*). You didn't give me a thought?

MARY (*pouts*). I did not say so, Mr. Morley.

MORLEY. Why do you keep calling me Mr. Morley? It's an infernally formal title coming from your lips.

MARY. What shall I call you? Your lordship?

MORLEY (*puts his arm behind her*). No, just Harry—plain Harry.

MARY (*removes his arm*). It's too warm, Mr.—Harry.

MORLEY (*draws closer to her*). Why, I didn't notice it. We have known each other ten months, ever since the day of the stampede—

MARY (*shudders*). Yes, the day you saved my life.

MORLEY. It was an exciting day, that, and I thought it was the end for both of us. But if you will only call me Harry, I'll think myself well repaid for the poor service I was fortunate enough to render you.

MARY. It was a noble service and one I shall never forget.

MORLEY (*after pause*). If you will reward me, Miss Mary— (*Pauses.*)

MARY. Reward you! I am poor, but—

MORLEY (*interrupts*). You are not so poor but that you are able to give me what I ask.

MARY (*shyly*). And that is—?

MORLEY (*passionately*). Your love!

MARY (*tremulously*). My love!

MORLEY (*embraces her*). I have loved you from that hour when, surrounded by that pack of maddened beasts, you and I stared death in the face together! I saw that you were no ordinary woman, created to grace the circles of gilded society, but to stand above your sex, for a strong man to worship—to be your slave!

MARY. Oh, you magnify my importance—

MORLEY (*interrupts*). To me you are everything—more important than the sun or stars—without you, existence would be a dreary thing indeed! I love you with all my heart! Speak, do you love me, Mary?

MARY (*softly*). I cannot deny the promptings of my heart—I do love you, Harry!

MORLEY (*kisses her*). My own Mary! You have made *me the happiest man* in all the world!

MARY (*aside*). But what will dad say?

MORLEY (*scratches head*). Gee! I never thought of him. He's entitled to some consideration. We must break the news gently to him. He may balk like a colt.

MARY (*laughs*). I'll break him as I have many a colt. But, by the way, tell me of your past life, Harry.

MORLEY (*starts*). We'd better postpone that for awhile, Mary.

MARY. Why so secretive, Harry? One might suppose you had something to conceal.

MORLEY (*rises, goes C., disturbed*). Merciful heavens! Shall I tell her and risk losing her forever? I cannot!

MARY (*follows him, C.*). What is troubling you, Harry? Confide in me. Am I not to be your wife?

MORLEY. I dare not—I dare not!

MARY. You must speak! I have the right to know all!

MORLEY (*appealingly*). You will not despise me?

MARY. How could I ever despise the preserver of my life? Speak!

MORLEY (*haltingly*). Mary, I am—I am—a convict!

MARY (*staggers back*). A convict! You, a convict!

MORLEY (*follows her*). Aye, but without guilt. I swear it!

MARY. Explain yourself.

MORLEY. It was to save another—one whom I dearly loved, that I sacrificed myself.

MARY (*amazed*). To save another man?

MORLEY. Yes, my twin brother Jack.

MARY (*eagerly*). Tell me all—tell me all!

MORLEY. I will be brief. My brother Jack and I were born in Delaware and, losing our parents at an early age, we were placed in the care of an uncle who made a vast fortune in Wall street. We were so alike in form and feature that there was none who could distinguish one of us from the other. (*Sadly.*) This, alas, was to prove the the cause of my misfortune! (*Pauses.*)

MARY. Yes, yes!

MORLEY. Jack was a headstrong, willful lad, I the opposite. He early showed wayward tendencies which no

punishment, however severe, was able to check. One day he stole some money—a trifling sum, and, rather than see him punished, I pleaded guilty to the offense, thereby incurring my uncle's hatred. Ah, with all his faults, I loved my brother!

MARY. Poor Harry!

MORLEY. One night, five years ago, Jack stole $5,000 from my uncle's safe to pay a gambling debt, as he said. I saw the crime committed, but before I could restrain him, he disappeared. My uncle entered the room while I was looking into the safe and, observing that his cash box was rifled, he accused me of the robbery.

MARY. Oh, infamy!

MORLEY. I was arrested, tried, condemned! I refused to make a statement and was called obstinate and inherently bad. Rather than reveal my brother's guilt, I went to prison and at the expiration of my term of imprisonment, which was three years, I came to Montana to live down my shame!

MARY (*puts arm about him*). You are indeed a man of honor! Where is your brother?

MORLEY. I do not know. He went west, but whither, I cannot say. My only hope is that he may have repented and become an honest man.

MARY. Be that as it may, Harry, I believe in you and ever will do so as long as I live.

MORLEY (*gratefully*). You are indeed a jewel, my own Mary! (*They confer at R. C.*)

Enter JUDGE *and* PETE, *L. U. E. They come down L. C.*

PETE (*to* JUDGE, *pointing to* MORLEY). Dat is Stanton, de stage robber. You getta him quick, eh?

JUDGE. I cannot comprehend this charge. There must be some mistake.

PETE. Dere is no mistake. I knowa him.

JUDGE. We will see. (*Goes C. To* MORLEY.) I wish to have a word with you, Morley.

MORLEY (*starts*). Certainly, Judge Buckley. (*To* MARY.) *Will he balk,* I wonder? Beeswax! I would

rather face a bunch of wild steers. (*Goes C. To* JUDGE.) I'm at your service, Judge.

JUDGE (*severely*). I've heard evil reports concerning you, sir.

MORLEY (*laughs*). Well, Judge, there are snakes spitting venom in every community, even in Montana.

JUDGE. That is not the question before the court. Take my advice and leave the camp as quickly as you can.

MORLEY (*surprised*). Leave camp! Why, what for? What have I done?

JUDGE. Ask your own conscience.

MORLEY (*aside*). My conscience! Has he learned my secret?

JUDGE. Men with pasts such as yours should not show themselves in the society of honest men.

MORLEY. You go too far, Judge! Tell me, of what am I accused and who is my accuser?

JUDGE. What is your name—Morley or Stanton?

MORLEY. If you are playing with me, have a care, Judge!

JUDGE. I have been told that you are Stanton, the stage robber, for whose arrest a reward of $5,000 has been offered.

MORLEY (*astonished*). I, a stage robber! Who dares say so?

PETE (*at L. C.*). Caramba! I do, Meester Stanton.

MORLEY (*half draws revolver, then replaces it with laugh*). Who are you? I never saw you before.

PETE (*laughs*). You changa your hat and coat, but not your face. Caramba! you is Stanton. I see you comin' from Blue Canyon to-day.

MARY (*at R. C., aside*). What is coming now?

Enter SELBY, COWBOYS *and* SCAR FACE, *R. U. E. Enter* MRS. TREV., JENNIE *and* LUCY, *L. 2 E. They stand on veranda and watch.* SELBY *and* COWBOYS *go R. C. and watch.* JUDGE, *L. C.* MORLEY, *R. C.* MARY *stands up-stage, C.* PETE, *L. C.*

JUDGE (*to* MORLEY). This is strong evidence against you, Morley. Were you at the canyon this morning?

MORLEY. I was in that neighborhood.

JUDGE. What were you doing there?

MORLEY. Hunting stray cattle.

JUDGE. Alone?

MORLEY. Yes, alone.

JUDGE. Where were you last night?

MORLEY. Camping at the canyon.

JUDGE. What proof have you for that statement?

MORLEY. My word, Judge! Let the man dare face me who says I lie!

JUDGE. All this proves nothing! The stage was robbed at Ten-Mile last night by Stanton and his gang and they were seen riding toward Blue Canyon.

PETE (*to* JUDGE). I tella you he is Stanton! He is de robber.

MORLEY (*to* PETE). You Mexican hound!

SELBY (*draws revolver. To* MORLEY). Shall I plug him, Morley?

MORLEY (*to* SELBY). No, leave him to me.

JUDGE (*to* PETE). What proofs have you, Pete, that this man is the man you say he is?

PETE (*excitedly*). He is de man—black eyes, dark hair, big nose—ebberyting, I swear! Letta him show his right arm, and if you don't see de letters H and J in ink in de skin, den you kin say I lie like debbil!

MORLEY (*starts back*). My God!

JUDGE (*to* MORLEY). Show us your arm, Morley. Let us see if the Mexican speaks the truth.

MORLEY. I refuse to show my arm on the statement of a renegade Mexican.

JUDGE. Then your refusal is to be construed as an admission of guilt. Leave this place at once! If you are not gone within two hours, I will put the sheriff on your trail.

MORLEY I shall go, and when this horrible mystery is *cleared you may* have cause to regret this unhappy hour.



"If you go, Harry, I go with you. There's my hand upon it!"

MARY (*goes to* MORLEY, *C.*). If you go, Harry, I go with you.

MORLEY (*astonished*). You, Mary!

MARY. Come what may, I'll stick to you to the last, and there's my hand upon it! (MORLEY *and* MARY *stand C., hand in hand.* JUDGE *stands surprised R. C. with* SELBY *and* COWBOYS *further upstage, R. C.* PETE *stands L. C. with air of triumph, while* MRS. TREV. *and* LUCY *stand on veranda.* PICTURE.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—STANTON'S *retreat in Blue Canyon, full stage. Mountain drop and set rocks and trees R. and L. Runway C. leading to R. and L. U. E. raised about five feet. Scene should be wild and picturesque. Rough structure built of logs with practical door, down L.* (NOTE.—*If this cannot be adequately done, lines may be changed here and there to convey idea that a cabin stands off stage at L. 2 E.*) *R. C. is a tripod standing over camp-fire with kettles, tin dishes, coffee-pot, etc., near it. Lights show moonlight effect. See Scene Plot for stage settings.*

At rise discovered SCAR FACE, TEXAS *and* MOSEY *playing poker near camp-fire, with two or three road agents watching.* TRAVERS *is working at fire. All are well armed.*

TRAVERS (*at camp-fire, aside*). The canyon seems devilishly quiet to-night. Always the calm before the storm, they say. Looks suspicious. Don't like it. (*To* TEXAS.) Where the devil's Pete, Texas?

TEXAS (*at R. C.*). Dunno. Pete went down to Pine Bottom to watch the Sheriff an' he ain't got back yet, I reckon.

TRAVERS. Somehow, I mistrust that greaser. I believe

he aims to play us false. If Stanton thought so too, there'd be a dead greaser in camp.

TEXAS (*draws knife*). If I ever git proof of it, I'll put my knife between his ribs.

TRAVERS (*as he works about camp*). It's time Stanton wus gittin' back. But ye kaint give him adwise. He'll nose around until the posse corners us.

TEXAS. Ah, nobody kin find us without a guide. We're safe all right. Time for supper pretty soon, Travers?

TRAVERS. Putty soon, Texas, soon as Stanton gits back. (*Works at fire, singing softly.* TEXAS *watches players.*)

MOSEY (*looks at his cards*). I pass, Scar Face.

SCAR FACE (*puts money in center of blanket*). Injin bet dolla.

MOSEY. I see that, Scar Face, and raise ye two dollars. (*Business.*)

SCAR FACE (*searches pockets. Others laugh*). Ugh! Injin got only ten cents—white squaw give him ten cents—no spend money—bad luck.

MOSEY. 'Taint enough. See it or leave it, Injin.

SCAR FACE (*takes off his blanket and knife*). Injin put up um blanket, scalp knife, so! (*Throws articles in center of pot.*) Dem wuth two dolla. Injin call white man.

MOSEY. What you got, Injin?

SCAR FACE (*shows his cards*). Flush.

MOSEY. 'Tain't no good, Scar Face. Mine's a full hand. (*Rakes in pot.*)

SCAR FACE (*looks at* MOSEY'S *cards*). Hand no good! You got tree king, nine spot spade, ten spot club. You full, not you hand.

MOSEY (*springs up, angrily*). You lie, Injin! Drop that blanket!

SCAR FACE (*grabs his knife and rushes at* MOSEY). I scalp white man fo' dat.

TRAVERS (*restrains* SCAR FACE). Stop this racket! I won't have any fighting here. Drop that knife, Scar Face! (*To* MOSEY.) Put down that gun, Mosey! (*Whistle heard off stage. All start.*) That's Stanton's whistle! Break

away here, unless you want to run afoul of the boss. (*All separate.* TEXAS *goes up runway.* TRAVERS, SCAR FACE *and* MOSEY *confer near cabin, L. 2 E. Others lounge near fire and then walk up runway and glance about as if on lookout for someone.*)

TEXAS (*goes up stage R. U.*). That's meant for me. I'll be along soon. (*Exit R. U., running.*)

TRAVERS (*to others*). There's goin' to be trouble here to-night. I feel it in my bones.

SCAR FACE. Ugh! Injin no want trouble—got tob much already.

MOSEY (*to* SCAR FACE). You'll have more than you want if you monkey with me.

SCAR FACE. Ugh! You no monkey—you jackass.

TRAVERS. That'll do, Injin. We don't want any quarreling now. There's something doing, or Stanton wouldn't have whistled for Texas.

Enter TEXAS, *R. U., hastily. Comes down C.*

TEXAS. Git ready, boys. Stanton says Jenkins' posse is coming up the trail.

TRAVERS. How many miles away, Texas?

TEXAS. About five, I reckon.

TRAVERS. He must have fine eyes. How did he see them?

TEXAS. From the top of Bald Peak.

TRAVERS. What's he doin' now?

TEXAS. Lookin' arter the horses in the corral. I'm thinkin' there'll be shootin' to-night, boys.

MOSEY. Let it come. We're ready.

Enter PETE, *L. U. E.*

TRAVERS (*at C., to* PETE). What's doin' at Pine Bottom, Pete?

PETE (*looks about nervously*). It is all right dere.

TRAVERS. What be ye lookin' fur, Pete?

PETE. Where be Stanton?

TRAVERS (*points R. U. E.*). Up to the corral, I reckon. He was there five minutes ago.

PETE. Caramba! I seea him at de hotel at Pine Bottom to-day.

TRAVERS. You're crazy. You're plum nutty, greaser.

TEXAS (*laughs*). An' a reward of 5,000 plunks offered for his scalp? I guess not, Pete.

PETE. I tella you I did. He wanta to sell us out, sure.

TEXAS (*to* MOSEY, *aside*). What does that mean? Is Stanton trying to sell us out to save his own skin?

MOSEY. There's no telling about these chaps. If he gives us up, I'll cut his weazel! (*Both go R. C. to fire, and eat.*)

TRAVERS (*to* PETE). I s'pose there was the devil to pay when they heard of the stage holdup at Pine Bottom.

PETE. Caramba! dey was moocho excited. Sheriff he get up posse right away. Posse comin' now. (*Others move about stage R. and L. All look to their weapons and prepare for battle.*)

TRAVERS (*to* TEXAS). I reckon you'd better help Stanton and look arter the hosses, Texas, and see that everything is correct before we turn in.

TEXAS If they're as close as Stanton says they be, some of us are more likely to turn up our toes than turn in to-night.

MOSEY (*laughs*). You mean swing, Texas.

TEXAS. Stop your joshin', Mosey.

SCAR FACE. Ugh! Mosey damn bad poker player.

MOSEY (*angrily*). I don't need any dirty Injin to teach me tricks.

SCAR FACE. Injin show Mosey trick some day—mebbe.

TRAVERS. Come, I thought you had settled that little affair! Move along lively! You had better look after the pack mules, Texas, and you, Mosey, and get them ready for a sudden change of scene.

TEXAS (*as he goes up runway C. with* MOSEY). We'll keep our eyes skinned, Travers. (*Exeunt with* MOSEY, *R. U. E.*)

TRAVERS (*at C.*). I'll have to take a look around before turning in. (*To* PETE.) You keep your eyes on the trail, Pete, and if you see anything suspicious, sing out.

PETE. I keepa watch all right, Travers.

TRAVERS (*as he goes up runway C.*). Keep Scar Face with you, Pete.

PETE (*at C.*). I watcha him, too. (*Exit* TRAVERS, *R. U. E.*)

Enter MORLEY, *R. U. E., disguised as* STANTON. *He carries a revolver in his right hand and creeps cautiously across to C., looking L. with his hand shading his eyes. He wears a dark coat and a soft hat drawn down over his eyes to give the effect of disguise.* PETE *and* SCAR FACE *watch him as he pauses for a few seconds, then moves back toward R. U. E., still looking L., finally exiting R. U. E.*

PETE (*to* SCAR FACE). Dat's Stanton. He uneasy, I t'ink.

SCAR FACE. He lookin' fur trouble. Posse give him all he want.

PETE. Mebbe so. It look like it. (*Looks about.*)

SCAR FACE (*to* PETE, *C.*). You got um whisky, Pete?

PETE (*takes bottle from pocket*). You wanta drink, Scar Face?

SCAR FACE (*holds out hand*). Scar Face no want drink —Injin want whisky. Do him stomach much good. (*Takes flask with sudden movement and drinks.*) Ah! fire water heap good! make Injin new man—fight debbil now!

PETE (*tries to regain flask*). You mus'not drinka it all, Injin. Givea it back, queeck!

SCAR FACE (*hides flask behind him*). Whisky bad for greaser—make greaser drunk—make Injin good Injin. You bad greaser.

PETE. What you say?

SCAR FACE. You tell Sheriff about Stanton—you wanta reward.

PETE (*threateningly*). You lie—you lie!

SCAR FACE. Injin no lie—Injin hear you.

PETE (*levels revolver at* SCAR FACE). I killa you fo' dat!

SCAR FACE (*drinks from flask and looks calmly into muzzle of gun*). Ugh! Greaser bum actor!

PETE (*puts up revolver*). You drunk—you crazy Injin.

SCAR FACE. Good! better be drunk dan traitor.

Enter MARY, *L. U. E., cautiously. She carries rifle and when she sees others, she creeps down C. carefully.*

PETE (*draws knife*). Caramba! I killa you fo' dat! (*Rushes at* SCAR FACE *with uplifted knife, C.*)

MARY (*to* PETE, *as she levels rifle at him*). Drop that knife, Pete!

PETE (*looks at* MARY, *drops knife*). Caramba!

SCAR FACE (*takes another drink*). Ugh! pale face maid, she know um business all right.

MARY (*looks about, then comes down C.*). You're a bloodthirsty wretch, Pete. Why don't you learn to curb your nasty temper?

PETE (*looks about in fear*). You comea too queeck. Where Jenkins? Getta in de cabin! If dey seea you, dey killa you. Caramba!

MARY (*laughs*). Oh, I'll take care of myself, Pete. I'm safe enough. Our men are down the trail a bit, and you'll hear of them in a minute or two. Where's Stanton?

PETE. Morley here a while ago. He jista went away dere. (*Points R. U. E.*) You no seea him?

MARY. Morley left me an hour ago saying he wanted to reconnoiter for himself. You say he was here just now?

PETE. I sweara it!

MARY (*aside*). My God! I know not what to believe! It cannot be true. (*To* PETE.) Greaser, you lie!

PETE. Scar Face seea him. Ask Injin.

SCAR FACE (*tipsily*). Greaser heap big liar most time, but tell truth dis time.

MARY (*to* SCAR FACE). You mean to tell me that Morley was here in this camp within the hour.

SCAR FACE. Yes, Injin no lie—Morley here jist now. Him gone in woods, dere. (*Points R. U. E.*)

MARY (*in agitation*). I can scarcely believe it, and yet, why has he not rejoined me? There is some frightful mystery in all this! Has he deceived me? Ah, I do not know what to believe! (*She goes to L. C., agitated. Puts down rifle.*)

Enter MORLEY, *L. U. E. He looks about cautiously with revolver in hand and comes down C.*

MORLEY (*sees* MARY). Mary! You got here ahead of me! Foolish girl! Don't you realize the danger you run in coming to this place? (*Puts arm about her.*)

MARY (*clasps him eagerly*). So you have got back at last! Where have you been, Harry?

MORLEY. I hoofed it straight for this place, but got lost in the underbrush. I didn't meet a soul. They don't keep a sharp lookout here, do they? (*Looks about.*)

MARY. We could never have found it but for the directions given by Pete.

MORLEY (*looks at* PETE). And I regret to owe anything to that snake!

PETE (*comes C., starts on seeing* MORLEY). Caramba! Is it you ag'in?

MORLEY (*laughs*). What ails you, Pete? I hope you won't have a fit here.

PETE (*aside, turns R.*). I canna makea dis out! Caramba!

SCAR FACE (*sees* MORLEY. *Starts*). Ugh! Him debbil! He go dis way (*points*), den come dis way (*points another direction*). Ugh! need heap whisky after dat. All gone! (*Throws away flask in disgust and exits R. 2 E.*)

MORLEY (*laughs*). Seems like I created a sensation. (*To* PETE.) What are you staring at me for? Maybe you're dreaming. Pinch yourself and find out.

PETE (*bewildered*). I doan know—I at sea! Jest now, I see you here an' you deny you was at Pine Bottom yisterday.

MORLEY. You mean to say you saw me here just now? You want to get that notion out of your head, greaser, *for it's a bad one.*

PETE (*bewildered*). I no makea it out at all. Caramba!

MORLEY. The reward has turned your brain, Pete. Leave us now, and let us know when Stanton comes so that we may get the drop on him.

PETE. You Stanton yo'self! You canna fool me! (*Exit R. 2 E.*)

MORLEY (*looks off after him, R. 2 E.*). Why does he persist in calling me Stanton? I can't fathom this mystery. (*Goes C. to* MARY.)

MARY (*coldly*). Why does this man call you Stanton?

MORLEY. I'm sure I don't know. He must be drunk or crazy.

MARY. The Indian, too, says you are Stanton—that he saw you here within an hour. Is he, too, drunk or crazy?

MORLEY. I'm quite sure Scar Face is drunk, or he'd like to be.

MARY. If these men lie, why did you leave me an hour ago to find my way here alone?

MORLEY (*holds her at arm's length*). I wished to open the pathway for the posse below. Surely you don't suspect that I am deceiving you, Mary?

MARY (*tearfully*). If you have, Harry, I shall die!

MORLEY (*caresses her*). If I have, Mary, may my arm be palsied, my tongue become speechless, my eyes lose their sight. Deceive you, my darling? Believe me, I would rather slay myself than prove false to you by word or deed!

MARY (*after pause*). I believe you, Harry!

MORLEY (*embraces her*). There spoke my own, true Mary!

Enter TRAVERS *and* TEXAS, *R. U. E. They come down C. and see* MORLEY *as they reach C. Both start.*

TRAVERS (*aside, to* TEXAS). Well, I'll be jinged! I left Stanton on the trail a minute ago and blessed, if he isn't here akissin' a gal! (*Creeps C., guardedly, watch* MORLEY.)

TEXAS (*scratches his head*). It can't be Stanton, and yet. if it isn't him, it's his ghost! (*Comes C. with* TRAVERS.)

MORLEY (*releases* MARY). We must attend to business now, Mary. (*Turns, sees* TRAVERS *and* TEXAS, *draws revolver and aims at them quickly.*) Hands up!

TRAVERS (*laughs as he holds up his hands*). This is a funny holdup, Stanton. What's the matter with ye?

MARY (*L. C., aside*). He calls him Stanton, too!

MORLEY. It's a joke you won't relish, probably, after I turn you over to the sheriff. (*To* TEXAS.) Up with your hands, there!

TEXAS (*holds up hands*). Why, this is jist like a theater, Stanton.

MARY (*advances C.*). Why do you call this man Stanton? Do you know him?

MORLEY (*reprovingly*). Mary! why question these road agents?

MARY (*excitedly*). Don't speak to me! Let these men tell me the truth! Speak! Who is this man? (*Points to* MORLEY.)

TRAVERS. Well, I don't know what the chief's game may be, but if he isn't Stanton, then I'm a rooster. Eh, Texas?

TEXAS (*looks at* MORLEY). Yes, barrin' his hat which he's done changed, he's Stanton, or I'm a Digger Injin, which God forbid!

MORLEY (*angrily*). You lie, both of you!

MARY (*to* MORLEY). They say you are Stanton, and your only reply is, that they lie! Oh, this uncertainty is killing me! (*Weeps.*)

MORLEY (*in despair*). What can I say or do to relieve your mind of doubt? This is as mysterious to me as to you, Mary—

MARY (*interrupts*). Don't call me Mary! I forbid it! If these men speak the truth, prepare to meet the doom which awaits you there. (*Points L. U. E.*)

MORLEY (*aside, C.*). I begin to suspect the truth! My God, can it be! (*To* TRAVERS.) You say I am Stanton, *your* chief?

TRAVERS (laughs). I don't know what's got into you,

Stanton. If this is a little private love affair, we'll make ourselves scarce.

MORLEY. Stay! Is there some mark by which you can identify Stanton, or myself, if I am he?

TRAVERS (*scratches head*). I don't jist remember any now. Do you, Texas?

TEXAS (*scratches head*). I disremember anything in particular.

MORLEY (*bares right arm to elbow*). Has Stanton two letters pricked in India ink on his arm like these? (*Shows arm.*)

TRAVERS (*examines arm*). Them are the letters—a blue H and red J. I seen them a dozen times on your arm, Stanton.

TEXAS. And so have I, Captain.

MORLEY (*starts back, aside*). My God! It is Jack! (*Stands C., reflectively.*)

MARY (*to* MORLEY, *excitedly*). Explain this mystery! Don't you see this suspense is killing me?

MORLEY. Peace, my girl! This is no time for words; acts alone will save him now! (*Walks excitedly about.*)

MARY (*follows him*). You speak in riddles! Save whom?

MORLEY. My brother Jack—he, they call Stanton! I must save him or die in the attempt! (*Walks about.*)

MARY (*at C.*). Is he mad? I know not what to believe. (*Watches* MORLEY *with emotion.*)

MORLEY (*aside, as he runs up runway C.*). I'll find and save him! He shall not die, I swear it! (*Exits hastily, R. U. E.*)

TRAVERS (*to* TEXAS). He's gone plumb nutty! Who'd ever thought a man like him could ever have fallen in love?

TEXAS. Love has turned many a better man's brain.

TRAVERS. We've got to probe this thing to the bottom. If Stanton has been pullin' the wool over our eyes, it's time we knew it. (*Goes C. to* MARY.)

TEXAS. We'll fo'ce the gal to talk. (*Follows* TRAVERS, *C.*)

TRAVERS (*to* MARY). We want to talk to you, gal.

MARY (*troubled*). Leave me—leave me!

TRAVERS. Later, my gal, later. Where did you meet this man?

MARY. How does that concern you? By what right do you ask this question?

TRAVERS. He's our chief and we want to know. If he's been selling us out, we want to find it out so's we kin kill him!

MARY (*turns to go up runway, C.*). I do not know what you're talking about. Let me pass!

TRAVERS (*restrains her at runway*). You don't pass until you tell us what you know!

MARY (*struggles to get by him*). I know nothing. Let me pass, I say!

Enter PETE *and* SCAR FACE, *R. 2 E. They stand R. C. Also enter* MOSEY *and several road agents, R. U. E. and L. U. E. They stand upstage R. and L., watching.*

TRAVERS. We don't want no foolin' about this business! How did you get to this camp, gal?

MARY. Came in a balloon! (*Others laugh.*)

SCAR FACE (*to* PETE). Pale face maid heap much fly.

TEXAS (*threateningly*). That sort of talk don't make friends in this camp, gal. We think there is treachery somewhere here.

MARY (*at L. C., picks up rifle*). Then look for it in your own black hearts! (*Turns up, L. U. E.*)

TRAVERS (*to others*) Stop her! She's escaping to her friends! (*Seeks to follow her.*)

MARY (*aims rifle at* TRAVERS). Stop where you are! Advance another step and you are a dead man! (*Turns to R. U. E.*)

TRAVERS (*rushes back to C.*). Stop that gal!

SCAR FACE (*at L. C.*). Pale face maid have full hand now—she win jack pot.

TEXAS (*aims revolver at* MARY). I'll bring her down!

TRAVERS (*knocks revolver upward*). Not that, Texas! *Would you shoot down* a woman in cold blood?

TEXAS (*surlily*). I'd shoot anybody if it wus a ground-hog case.

PETE. Let gal go—she Stanton's gal—she do no harm. (*Exit* MARY, *R. U. E. Shot fired off, L. U. E. All show excitement.* MOSEY, TEXAS *and* TRAVERS *run upstage L.*)

TRAVERS (*looks off, L. U. E.*). They are on us, boys. Look sharp.

TEXAS (*looks off*). It's Bill Jenkins' posse as sure as shootin'.

SCAR FACE (*at camp-fire, R. C. Aside*). Hot work now. Want whisky or Injin cannot work—sleep neider. (*Looks about for liquor. Several shots are fired on and off, L. U. E., and* TRAVERS *runs down C.* MOSEY *reels and falls upstage C.* TEXAS *runs to him.*)

Enter MORLEY, *R. U. E., disguised as* STANTON. *He comes down C. furtively and passes* TRAVERS *and* PETE, *who are at R. C., without looking at them, then turns to audience with a look of fear as he goes to cabin, L. C. He opens door and, after a hasty look around, exits. He immediately goes back of scene to R. U. E., takes off coat, changes hat, and prepares to appear as* MORLEY.

TRAVERS (*aside, R. C.*). That's Stanton. He looked like a scared wolf. I wonder if he ain't skeered out of his wits. (*To* PETE.) It's clear, somebody has sold us out. If I knew, I'd kill him like a rattlesnake!

PETE (*coming down C.*). I would cutta his heart out if I know!

SCAR FACE. Ugh! greaser good man! Him go to church ebbery day.

JENKINS (*offstage, L. U. E.*). Hello, there!

TEXAS (*shouts*). Hello, there!

JENKINS (*offstage, L. U. E.*). Surrender, or I'll blow ye all to the devil.

TEXAS. Come and take us, Bill! (*Aims revolver.*) I'll git him fur killing Mosey jist now! (*Fires. Shot heard offstage and* TEXAS *reels and falls heavily on runway C.*)

TRAVERS (*runs to* TEXAS). Are you badly hurt, Texas?

TEXAS (*faintly*). I'm done for, Travers. Jenkins was too quick for me. Oh, oh! He got me right under the heart and I'm peterin' out fast, Travers.

TRAVERS. I hope it's not as bad as that, Texas.

TEXAS (*faintly*). I want you to promise me one thing if you get out o' this with a whole skin. (*Takes papers out of pocket.*) I want you to send these papers to my mother and sister in Texas.

TRAVERS (*takes papers*). I'll do it, Texas, if I live.

TEXAS. Tell 'em I died of fever or somethin' respectable. Don't say I wus shot for a road agent, 'cause it would kill my poor old mother.

TRAVERS (*sadly*). I'll do it, Texas, I swear it!

TEXAS. Thank ye, Travers, thank ye! Good by! (*Dies.*)

Enter MORLEY, *revolver in hand, R. U. E. He comes down C. cautiously and looks about.*

TRAVERS (*coming down C., to* MORLEY). I thought you had left us in the lurch, Stanton. The game is about played and I reckon we hold the losing hand.

MORLEY (*furtively, as he looks about*). We must fight to the last—hold them off somehow! (*Aside.*) Where is he? My God, why cannot I find him? (*Walks L.*)

TRAVERS. What's got into you, Stanton? You don't seem the chap you were a day or two ago.

MORLEY (*avoids* TRAVERS' *glance*). Leave me, Travers. Go above and let me know what is happening.

TRAVERS. If we're cornered, shall we give up the swag?

MORLEY. We'll settle that point when the time comes. Let the future take care of itself. (*Examines cabin door.*)

TRAVERS (*aside, as he goes up runway C.*). That's what love does to a man! (*Goes to L. 2 E.*)

MORLEY (*opens door—starts*). He's there! Jack! Jack! (*Exits into cabin hastily.*)

JENKINS (*offstage, L. U. E., louder*). The game's up, boys, so you might as well surrender.

TRAVERS (*fires off, L. U. E.*). You'll have to take us,

Bill! (*A lively fusillade follows and two men fall.* TRAVERS *and others run down C.*)

Enter, L. U. E., JENKINS *and five or six* COWBOYS, *led by* SELBY, *who aim revolvers at others down stage.* PETE *stands near fire watching others furtively.* SCAR FACE *sits near cabin, L. 2 E., and falls asleep.* JENKINS *with two revolvers comes down C.*

JENKINS (*upstage, C.*). Hands up, boys! (*All stand with hands up and* SELBY *and* COWBOYS *go from one to the other taking their weapons.*)

TRAVERS (*laughs*). I guess this is a hangin' job, Bill.

JENKINS (*at C.*). I reckon ye're right, Travers. Sorry I hed to trouble ye, but I wus told to do it or resign, and Bill Jenkins don't resign to nothin', thank ye.

TRAVERS. I s'pose it ain't no use kickin', Bill?

JENKINS. I s'pose so nuther. Ye'd better wait to do your kickin', arter the trap's sprung. (*Looks about.*) Seems ter me, yer party ain't complete. Whar's Stanton?

SELBY (*at cabin, L. 2 E.*). Mebbe he's in the cabin. (*Opens door with caution, then closes it with a bang.*) He's thar, sure as thunder!

JENKINS (*to* COWBOYS). Git the drap on that door, boys. If he runs, pink him.

Enter MORLEY *from cabin, L. 2 E. He staggers and stands in front of door as if to shield it.*

JENKINS (*to* MORLEY). Hands up, Morley!

MORLEY (*folds arms with laugh*). You're mistaken in the name, Bill. I'm Stanton, not Morley.

JENKINS (*at C.*). Hum! Take his shootin' iron, Selby.

SELBY (*sadly to* MORLEY, *as he takes his revolver out of holster*). I hate to do it, pard, but I must—it's my duty.

MORLEY (*takes* SELBY'S *hand*). It's all right, old chap! Don't let thoughts of me worry you. (*To* JENKINS.) I am your prisoner. Let us go!

Enter MARY, *R. 2 E. She crosses to R. and watches* MORLEY *with show of emotion.*

JENKINS (*approaches* MORLEY, *L. C.*). I hate to do it, Morley, but I've got to put the nippers on you.

MORLEY (*holds out hands*). I am ready to submit to the law, Bill.

MARY (*to* JENKINS, *tearfully*). No, no! not that!

JENKINS. It kaint be helped, Miss Mary. (*Handcuffs* MORLEY.) Kinder heartbreakin', I know, but law is law.

MARY (*sorrowfully*). But you do not know—

MORLEY (*to* MARY). Silence!

MARY (*wildly*). This man is not Stanton!

MORLEY (*aside to* MARY). Not another word if you would not have me curse you with my dying breath!

MARY (*weeps near cabin door*). My heart will break.

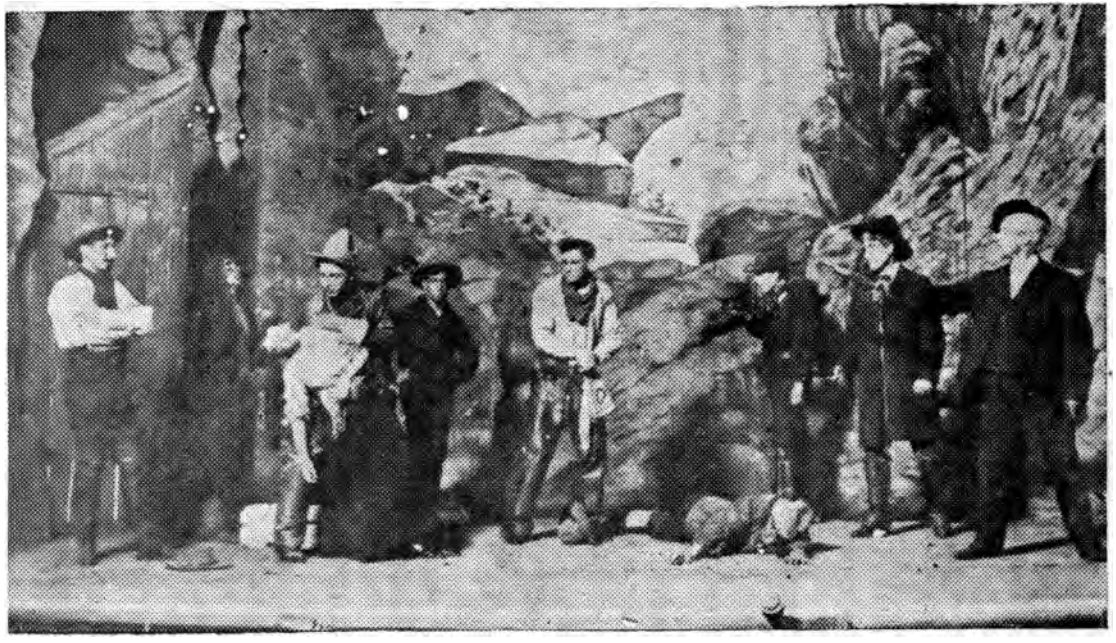
JENKINS. We must be off. Anybody in cabin?

MORLEY. It is empty. Come, let us be off.

MARY (*opens door of cabin furtively, looks in, then staggers toward* MORLEY). Oh, Harry—

MORLEY (*aside to* MARY). Keep my secret! I do this to save Jack! (JENKINS *leads* MORLEY *up runway and they pause when they get to top and look down.* MARY *totters and falls into* SELBY'S *arms, C. He lets her down gently to floor and others look on.* TRAVERS, PETE *and* COWBOYS *stand R. C. Other road agents stand L. C., while* SCAR FACE *sleeps on floor near cabin.* PICTURE.)

CURTAIN.



"Keep my secret! I do this to save Jack!"

ACT III.

SCENE. *Red Light saloon, Pine Bottom, in 3 G. Scene is boxed, the walls being covered with flaring pictures pasted thereon. These represent dancers, fighters, etc. Practical door C. in F. Drop shows rough houses as if across street. Practical doors, R. 2 E. and L. 2 E. Rough bar runs obliquely from C. D. to L. 2 E. It is covered with glasses and bottles. Rough sideboard with mirror back of bar, adorned with glasses and bottles. Table with two chairs, R. C. At rise scene is well lighted, it being noonday. See Scene Plot for stage setting.*

Discovered several COWBOYS *at bar, drinking, with barkeeper serving them. Among these are* SMITHERS, SCAR FACE *and* SMITH.

COWBOYS (*holding up glasses to* SMITHERS). Here's how, Smithers!

SMITHERS (*holds up glass*). Here's how, boys. (*All drink.*)

Enter SMITH *and* SELBY, *C. D.* SMITH *hastens to bar and gets into crowd.* SELBY *goes to table with sad look on his face. He is nervous and walks about.*

SMITHERS. Fill 'em up ag'in, barkeep.

SMITH (*to* SMITHERS *at bar*). That's the talk! I like to hear the magic phrase—fill 'em up agin! When I was running a saloon in Peoria—

SMITHERS (*interrupts*). You mean, it run itself, Smith.

COWBOYS (*laughing*). No, the sheriff run it!

SMITH. You're all wrong. I used to have so many fine liquids in the place that I was forced to go into liquidation. (COWBOYS *look at each other sadly.*) Can't you catch onto the joke? Of course not! When I was teaching rhetoric at Yale—

SMITHERS (*interrupts*). That was the time you in*vented that nose* paint of yours, eh?

SMITH (*surprised*). Nose paint?

SMITHERS (*touches* SMITH'S *nose*). Yes, this here.

COWBOYS (*laughing*). He didn't need no brush for that!

SMITH. Gentlemen, you insult me! This is my natural color. It's a rare color and is seldom seen outside the Smith family. But to say this is nose paint—bah!

BARKEEP (*to others*). Drinks are ready, gentlemen.

SMITH. Was there ever a sweeter phrase than "drinks are ready, gentlemen." When I was private secretary to President Grant—

SMITHERS (*interrupts*). Here's to Stanton!

SELBY (*comes to bar*). I don't like that name, Smithers. Make it Morley. It sounds more natural like.

COWBOYS (*together*). Here's to Morley!

SELBY. I'll drink to him, myself. (*To* BARKEEP.) Whisky, Barkeep. (*He is supplied and drinks with others.*)

SMITHERS (*to* SELBY). It's all right, Selby, but he admitted he wus Stanton himself and he wus tried and convicted under that name.

SELBY. Thar's somethin' behind this thing, but what, the devil only knows. I wish I did.

SMITH (*slaps him on back*). We'll find out, Selby. That's nothing for a born detective like me. When I was managing Pinkerton's detective agency in Chicago—

SELBY (*interrupts*). Wus you ever in the new Jerusalem, Smith?

SMITH. No, but I own three corner lots there and some day I'm goin' to establish a wing factory. (*Others laugh.*)

SELBY (*to others*). Come, boys, I've got a plan!

COWBOYS (*crowd around him, C.*). A plan!

SELBY. I'm not agoin' to go back on a pard who has helped me out on many a rough day on the range. But for Morley, I'd a been a dead man to-day.

A COWBOY. That's right; Selby.

SELBY. Morley roped a steer that was runnin' me down arter I was throwed by a mustang, and if he hedn't, the steer would hev horned me like I wus a prairie dog.

SMITH (*comes forward*). I had the same experience when I was hunting butterflies in India—

SELBY (*interrupts*). Let's rescue Morley—save his neck!

SMITHERS (*at R. C.*). He wouldn't stand fur it a minute! When he wus let off on parole to show up at one o'clock to-day, he swore he would show up and he'll do it!

SELBY. That's all right. When he shows up, we'll yank him onto a mustang and carry him into the hills.

SMITHERS. Jenkins wouldn't allow it, boys. 'Sides, I'm his deputy and if there's anything doing in the rescue line, count me out.

SELBY. We don't need you, do we, boys?

COWBOYS (*together*). Naw!

SELBY. I'm goin' to look for Morley. He oughter heave in sight soon. Are ye with me, boys, through fire, water and death, if necessary?

COWBOYS (*together*). You bet we are, Selby! (*They shake hands.*)

SELBY. Before we go, let's liquor up.

SMITH (*starts*). Liquor up! Where have I heard that expression before?

COWBOYS (*slap* SMITH *on back*). What's the matter, Smith?

SMITH. I'm sorry you fellows are going to drink alone.

COWBOYS (*drag him to bar*). You're in on this round-up, Smith.

SMITH. Why, of course! When I was running a cattle ranch in South America—

SELBY (*to* BARKEEP). Fill 'em up all around, Barkeep. (*Business of filling glasses, etc.* COWBOYS *talk among themselves.* SELBY *looks about.*) Here's success to the rescue!

COWBOYS (*raise glasses*). Here's success! (*Drink. Exit* SMITHERS, *C. D.*)

SELBY (*pays* BARKEEP). Come on, boys. We'll hunt up Morley now! (*Exeunt* SELBY *and* COWBOYS, *C. D., turning R.*)

BARKEEP (*to* SMITH). You'll have to get out, Smith, 'cause I'm goin' to lock up fur the hangin'.

SMITH. What's your hurry? You've got an hour yet.

BARKEEP. I hain't seen a hangin' in three weeks and I ain't agoin' to take no chances, Smith. (*Turns and puts bar in order, leaving bottle on counter.*)

SMITH (*looks about, then takes bottle*). I'm glad to observe you have a Christian spirit, Barkeep. (*Drinks from bottle.*)

SCAR FACE (*goes to bar behind* SMITH *and takes bottle from him*). Ugh! Fire water bad for Smith—good for Injin. (*Drinks.*)

SMITH (*surprised*). Well, I'll be jiggered!

SCAR FACE. Fire water bad for um complexion.

SMITH. I don't think it will improve that hide of yours, Scar Face. Come, don't be greedy.

SCAR FACE (*gives* SMITH *bottle*). Good! go find Morley now.

SMITH (*puts bottle on bar just as* BARKEEP *turns*). I'll join you, Scar Face.

SCAR FACE (*at bar, takes up bottle*). Must have fire water.

BARKEEP (*takes bottle*). You can't have a drop, Injin, without you pungle two bits.

SCAR FACE (*feels in pockets*). Ugh! Injin had um pockets picked! You trust Injin till payday?

BARKEEP (*puts up bottle on sideboard*). Nary a trust this trip, Injin.

SMITH. That settles it, Scar Face. You had better swear off.

SCAR FACE (*as he goes to C. D. with* SMITH). Done dat a tousand times—get dryer ebbery day.

SMITH (*takes his arm*). You don't work it right. When I was giving a temperance lecture in Minneapolis--

(*Exeunt* SMITH *and* SCAR FACE *arm in arm, turning R.*)

BARKEEP (*looks about*). Guess I'll put on a b'iled shirt (*Goes to L. 2 E. and exits.*)

Enter, C. D. from L., MARY. *She looks about, then goes to table, R. C., and sits L. of table.*

MARY (*sadly*). This suspense will drive me mad! He has sworn me to secrecy and now when a word from me may save his life, he must die a shameful death! I cannot, I will not permit this noble sacrifice! Honor cannot demand the consummation of this legal crime! (*Looks about.*) No one here! The fatal hour will soon strike and unless Stanton comes, Harry must die! (*Takes letter from bosom.*) Was it Stanton who wrote this? (*Reads.*) Meet me at the Red Light saloon before one o'clock. Must see you without fail. S. (*Folds letter.*) Does S. stand for Stanton? It must be so, and yet, why is he not here? Where is Harry? He promised Jenkins to show up in time for the—the—execution! He is a brave man and brave men always keep their word! If he dies, my heart will break! (*Weeps on table.*)

MORLEY *opens door R. 2 E., and thrusts in his head. He is disguised as* STANTON, *with the same coat and the same hat as used in Act II drawn down over his eyes. He withdraws and knocks at door loudly.*

MARY (*starts up, goes to door and attempts to open it.* STANTON *holds it*). Who's there?

STANTON (*offstage, R. 2 E.*). It is I, Stanton.

MARY. Stanton. Then enter. Let me see your face. (STANTON *stands in doorway so the audience will occasionally catch a glimpse of him.*)

STANTON (*offstage*). No, I dare not. If anyone saw me now, my plan would fail.

MARY (*surprised*). Plan? What plan?

STANTON. To save Harry.

MARY (*listens eagerly at door*). Tell me, how will you do this?

STANTON (*offstage*). I will take his place.

MARY (*starts back*). You. Oh, he will not permit it.

STANTON. He will have nothing to do with the matter. Besides, I have made up my mind and my decision is irrevocable.

MARY. Have you seen Harry?

STANTON (*after pause*). Yes.

MARY (*eagerly*). Where?

STANTON. At an old dugout of mine near Blue Canyon. He rode all night after his conviction and pleaded with me to leave the country. He told me he would die for my sake and after a stormy scene between us, he fell asleep. I left him early this morning without awaking him, because I did not want him to suspect my resolve that he must not sacrifice himself and the life of the woman who loves him, for a reprobate like me.

MARY (*after pause*). Then if you take his place you—you must die! Are you prepared?

STANTON (*laughs*). Men like me hold their lives in their hands from hour to hour and invite the inevitable! I am not afraid to die! Bah! Hunted as I have been for months, seeing enemies lurking behind every bush, hearing sounds of pursuit in my dreams, the thought of death has been sweet solace to me! I will give myself up to justice!

MARY (*horrified*). That will mean your death—oh, horror!

STANTON (*laughs*). Say, rather joy! It is a pleasure to perish to save him who would have died for me! You love Harry, do you not?

MARY. With all my soul!

STANTON. Then I have a double duty to perform! May I ask a last favor of you, Miss Buckley?

MARY (*tearfully*). Yes, yes!

STANTON. Permit me to kiss your hand—that which his hand has clasped in love and friendship. Do you consent?

MARY (*extends hand through opening of door*). Yes. You are noble after all.

STANTON (*kisses hand*). Had I known more women like you, I might not now be walking to my death! (*Kisses her hand again.*) Farewell! (MARY *closes door and stands before it.*)

Enter JUDGE *and* MRS. TREV., *C. D., coming from L. They see* MARY *at C. and come down C.*

JUDGE (*to* MARY). You, in this place, Mary! What does this mean?

MARY (*at C.*). I came hither in the hope of finding Morley. Have you seen him, dad?

JUDGE. No, nor has anyone else for that matter. I hope he will not break his parole.

MRS. TREV. (*at table*). Of course he will, Judge Buckley! What do stage robbers care for their parole or word of honor?

MARY (*angrily*). Stop, Mrs. Trevelyn! You shall not insult him in my presence! He has given his word and if he is not dead he will return at the appointed hour!

JUDGE. I think Mary is quite right, Mrs. Trevelyn. He will come back, I am sure of it.

MRS. TREV. (*laughs*). What charming simplicity you westerners display! You try a man, you convict him, you sentence him to death and then you grant him his liberty on his assurance that he will return in time to be hanged! Be assured, he is a hundred miles from here by this time.

Enter LUCY *and* JENKINS, *C. D. from L. They come down C.*

LUCY (*to others*). Mr. Morley has returned!

MARY (*emotion*). Returned! Where is he?

JENKINS (*at L. C.*). He's ridin' to the jail now. (*Faint cheering off R.*) Thet's the crowd cheerin' him now.

JUDGE (*at R. C., to* MRS. TREV.). You see, Mrs. Trevelyn, you misjudged your man.

MRS. TREV. Well, he's one in a thousand, then!

JENKINS. That's what he is, mum. I'm sorry I hev to stretch his neck.

MRS. TREV. (*shudders*). Oh, shocking! Let us leave here at once, Judge Buckley. I am positively ill!

MARY. Yes, let us go.

JUDGE (*excitedly*). I'm going to save Morley, if I can! If the prosecution offers no objection, I'll grant him a new trial on the ground of new evidence!

JENKINS (*at C.*). I wish ye could, Jedge, but I reckon

yer too late. (*Looks at watch.*) It lacks jist fo' minutes of one o'clock.

MARY (*feverishly*). He must be saved at any cost! Come, let us away! (*Exit R. 2 E.*)

JUDGE (*to* MRS. TREV.). Mary is worrying her poor life out! Let us follow her and see that she comes to no harm.

MRS. TREV. (*at table*). She will come to no harm while I'm around, Judge Buckley! Follow me! (*Exeunt* JUDGE *and* MRS. TREV., *R. 2 E.*)

LUCY (*at C., to* JENKINS). Will you accompany me, Mr. Jenkins?

JENKINS (*bows politely*). I would like to, Miss Lucy, but you see, I hev to preside at the hangin' bee, an' my time am powerful short.

LUCY (*goes to R. 2 E.*). You have my sympathy, Mr. Jenkins. Good-by.

JENKINS (*follows her to R. 2 E.*). Good-day, Miss Lucy. (*Exit* LUCY, *R. 2 E. Sighs.*) I jist don't feel right here (*hand on heart*) when she's around. Guess Cupid hes served attachment papers on me. Well, I'll hev to do that job now, an' damn me! I don't like it, nuther! (*Turns C.*)

Enter SELBY, SMITHERS *and several* COWBOYS, *C. D., from R. They come down C. and stand about.*

SELBY (*to* JENKINS). I want to ask a favor of you, Bill.

JENKINS. Fire away, Selby. If I kin do it, I will, sure as shootin'.

SELBY (*hesitates*). You see, none of us want to see Morley hung, 'cause we know he's a good fellow and true as steel. Ain't he, boys?

COWBOYS (*together*). You bet he is, Selby.

SELBY. Somehow, Bill, we don't want to see him swing. Thar's a gal he loves and who loves him, and if you stretch his neck, you'll kill her too.

JENKINS. Shoot straight, Selby. (*Looks at watch.*) I've only got a minute more.

SELBY (*disturbed*). Now, seein' as they love each other, an' seein' as how I'm a sort of good for nuthin' fellow, with nuthin' but hard work on the cattle range ahead o' me, why, I want—I want—to say, hang me instid of Morley. (*All show interest.*)

JENKINS (*surprised*). You're dead game, Selby, and I'm proud to know ye. Yar's my hand. (*They shake hands.*)

SELBY (*eagerly*). Your answer, Bill!

JENKINS. It kaint be done, my boy. We ain't in Roosia—we're in Montany, and when the law says hang somebody, he's got to swing, if there were a thousand ready to take his place!

Shot heard off stage. Enter PETE, *staggering with hand to heart. He comes down C. Enter* SCAR FACE *after*

JENKINS (*runs to* PETE *and supports him*). What's the trouble, Pete?

PETE (*gasping*). Stanton he shot me here. Caramba! How it bites.

JENKINS. So he's got back all right.

SELBY (*sadly*). I knew he'd come. He never broke his word yit.

PETE. Someone tella him I solda him to Sheriff and he shoota me. Ah! (*Groans.*) Caramba, I am dying. (*He is assisted to place near bar and L. of C. D., where he lies down and apparently dies. Others look on, while some exeunt C. D.*)

JENKINS (*looks to his revolver*). We'll hev to look arter Stanton now. Come along, Smithers, and you, too, Selby, ef ye don't mind. (*They go to C. D.*)

Enter MORLEY, *disguised as* STANTON, *C. D. He stands in doorway and seeing* JENKINS, *holds out his revolver to him, handle outward.*

STANTON (*hoarsely*). I've had my revenge. Now let justice be done.

JENKINS (takes revolver). Jist as ye say, Stanton. Fall

in, boys. (*All crowd upstage.* PETE *starts on seeing* STANTON *and raises himself on his elbow. He draws revolver with dying effort and as* STANTON *turns with* JENKINS *to his L. and* SELBY *on his R.,* PETE *fires at* STANTON. JENKINS *turns and shoots* PETE, *while* STANTON *staggers and falls into* SELBY'S *arms.* SELBY *drags him off R. of C. D. Others pick up* PETE *and exit with him C. D., turning R.*)

Enter MARY, JUDGE *and* SMITH, *R. 2 E.*

MARY (*comes C.*). What was this shooting we heard?

SMITH (*goes L. C.*). The boys were having a little fun, that's all. Why, it's natural. When I was buying guns for the French government—

JUDGE (*interrupts*). A bar-room brawl perhaps, that has no significance whatever, Mary. (*Looks about.*) I wonder where the Sheriff is. I will stop this hanging if it's the last act of my judicial career!

SMITH. Quite right, Judge! I saved a man's life in precisely that way once when I was a justice of the peace in Arizona—

MARY (*interrupts*). We must search for him, dad!

Enter JENKINS *and* SMITHERS, *C. D. from L. He comes down C.*

JUDGE (*to* JENKINS). Ah, here you are! I order you to stop the execution, Jenkins!

JENKINS (*at C.*). Ye're too late, Jedge! (*All start and repeat, Too late! After pause.*) Stanton's dead!

MARY AND JUDGE. Dead!

JENKINS. The greaser shot him through the back just now an' I reckon he won't rob stages no mo'.

Enter SELBY *and* COWBOYS, *sadly. They come down C., then* COWBOYS *stand, L. C., near bar with* SMITH. MARY *stands, R. C., with* JUDGE. JENKINS *stands, C.*

SELBY. I wish that greaser wus alive so's I could fill him full of holes! Eh, boys?

COWBOYS (*together*). You bet, Selby. (*All turn to bar, L. C.*)

Enter MORLEY, *C. D. from L. He draws down C. gradually, remaining in the background.*

JENKINS (*to others*). 'Tain't of'en I do this, but I'm goin' to ask ye to jine with me in drinkin' to the memory of a brave man, Stanton. (*Goes to bar followed by others, except* MARY.)

Enter BARKEEP, *L. 2 E. and serves out drinks at bar to others.*

JENKINS. Drink hearty, boys, 'cause drinks is on me.

SMITH (*to* JENKINS). We'll drink with you, but not on you, Bill.

JENKINS. What do ye mean, Smith?

SMITH. Charge it to the county. (*Funny business of* COWBOYS *grabbing* SMITH, *during which* MORLEY *goes down R. to* MARY.)

MORLEY (*at R. C., aside to* MARY). Mary!

MARY (*turns, starts*). You, Harry! Alive and well! Thank God!

MORLEY. Yes, I have kept my word.

MARY (*aside*). He does not know of his brother's death! How can I tell him? (*To* MORLEY.) Did you see your brother?

MORLEY. I did, last night. He left me without warning this morning and I have been searching for him since! He has not been here, Mary?

MARY (*averts her gaze*). Yes.

MORLEY (*excitedly*). Where, for God's sake, speak!

MARY. No, not here, Harry! Come, let us go to the hotel.

MORLEY. You are dreaming, Mary. I go to death! Farewell! (*Embraces her, then turns C.*)

JENKINS (*to* COWBOYS). Thet's prime whisky, boys. Guess I'll hev to get now. (*Sees* MORLEY, *starts in surprise.*) I wonder if that whisky's gone to my brain pan?

SMITH (*turns to* JENKINS). Now that's the brand of whisky, Bill, that makes your hair curl. When I was running a distillery in Kentucky—(*Sees* MORLEY, *starts back ludicrously.*) Great snakes! I'm seeing double! (*Turns and runs to bar, rubbing his temples.*) Bromo seltzer—water—anything! (*Drinks with feverish haste out of bottle.*)

SELBY (*laughs*). Smith is got the jim-jams at last! (*Turns C. and laughs to himself. Sees* MORLEY, *then starts back amazed.*) A ghost! Morley's spirit! Boys! D'ye see anything thar? (*He points excitedly to* MORLEY *as* COWBOYS *crowd around him.*)

COWBOYS (*together*). It's Morley!

MORLEY (*laughs*). Why, of course, it's Morley! Did you think I had broken my parole? You should have known me better!

SELBY (*comes to him in fear*). Is it really you, Morley? Let me see. Why, you ain't been shot! (*He feels* MORLEY *all over.*) Why, you're sound as a dollar!

MORLEY (*surprised*). Have you lost your senses? (*To* JENKINS.) Do your duty, Jenkins. I am your prisoner. (*Clock strikes one outside.*) See! It is one o'clock. You have your duty to perform!

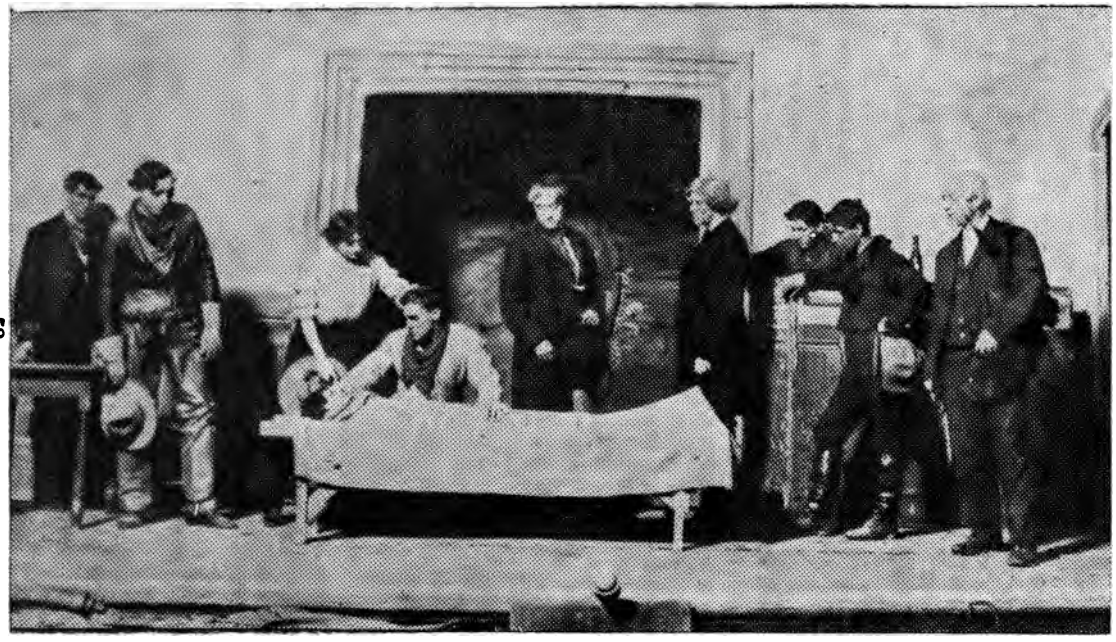
JENKINS. This is a queer mixup, too deep fur me. (*To* COWBOYS.) Fetch in the body. (*Exeunt four cowboys, C. D., turning R. Others stand and watch until curtain*—)

MORLEY. Explain this mystery! You speak of a body—What has that to do with me or your duty, Jenkins?

JENKINS. Kaint jist yet tell, my friend, but hold yer hosses.

Enter COWBOYS, *carrying stretcher, C. D. They put it down before entrance. Man lies on stretcher and is covered with a blanket.* COWBOYS *then retire upstage, L. C.* JENKINS *and* JUDGE *go to stretcher.* MORLEY *stands, R. C., with* MARY. SMITH *and* SCAR FACE *stand near bar, L. 2 E.*

JENKINS (*draws blanket off face of man on stretcher*



"Jack, Jack! My brother! Would that I might have died for you!"

and looks first at face, then at MORLEY. *The face need not show to audience.*) Well, if that beant the most wonderful thing in all my experience!

JUDGE (*looks at face, starts*). Remarkable!

MORLEY (*advances upstage*). Whose body is that? Speak!

MARY (*to* MORLEY). Courage, Harry, courage!

MORLEY (*glances about wildly*). You do not answer me!

JENKINS. I could hev sworn both o' ye was tother. He looks as much like ye as if he wus yer twin brother—

MORLEY (*interrupts in despair*). Ah, my God! I see it all now! (*Runs to stretcher, throws back cover off face.*) Jack, Jack! my brother! (*Falls on knees beside stretcher.*) Would that I might have died for you! (*Weeps.*) Jack! Jack! (MORLEY *weeps over stretcher, with* MARY *standing by his side, her hand on his shoulder.* JENKINS *and* JUDGE *stand with bowed heads, R. C. Others stand as directed, showing emotion, until*—)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Same as Act I. Stage well lighted, it being afternoon.*

At rise enter JENNIE *and* SMITH, *L. U. E. They come down C.,* JENNIE *in advance.*

JENNIE (*at C., to* SMITH). Ain't the stage got in yet, uncle?

SMITH. I thought I saw a cloud of dust down the road, but I guess I was mistaken.

JENNIE (*sits on steps of veranda*). Of course! You are always mistaken! It's a wonder you know you have a head on your shoulders.

SMITH (*rubs head dolefully*). I don't wonder at the head I've got to-day after a night with the boys from Irish

Flat. Now, if you had half the head I've got this blessed minute, you'd—

JENNIE (*interrupts*). If you don't stop drinkin', I'll disown you!

SMITH (*surprised*). Stop drinking! You demand impossibilities, my dear! Besides, I've slowed down mightily since Stanton was shot a year ago.

JENNIE. Slowing down ain't agoin' to help you, uncle, an' if ye don't give it up, you're a dead man!

SMITH. I'll take my chances, Jennie. When I was tendin' bar in San Francisco—

JENNIE (*rises, interrupts*). When will you ever stop lyin', uncle? (*Goes upstage, looks off L.*)

SMITH. Stop lying! Why, I never told a lie in my born days! When I was hunting cannibals in the Fiji Islands—

JENNIE (*at L. U. E.*). Here come Jenkins and Miss Lucy. Oh my!

SMITH (*sits on veranda steps*). Spooning again, I suppose?

JENNIE (*comes down to veranda*). Spoonin'! Since they began keepin' company, they're the talk of the town.

SMITH. Ah, you're jealous, Jennie!

JENNIE (*angrily*). Jealous! Why, I wouldn't marry nobody! I'm goin' to be free and independent all my life!

SMITH. Some poor devil is lucky you have made up your mind so.

JENNIE (*shoves him over*). Now, I'll git married jist to spite you! I'll do it, if I have to marry Scar Face himself! (*Runs off, L. 2 E.*)

Enter JENKINS *and* LUCY, *L. U. E. They come down C.*

SMITH (*rubs himself*). I wonder why some women have such bad tempers. I'll have to lecture that gal on the duties of nieces to their uncles, just as I did Madam Bernhardt, when I was managing a theater in Paris. (*Exit L. 2 E.*)

LUCY (*sits at rustic chair, R. C.*). I wonder what can be delaying the stage?

JENKINS (*stands near her, R. C.*). There mought hev

been a spill on the road, Miss Lucy. Steve Masterson is a reckless driver, nigh as risky fur passengers as a dynamite bomb.

LUCY (*laughs*). Oh, I have no fear of that, Mr. Jenkins, Still, if harm came to Mary after her long absence from home, it would be perfectly dreadful!

JENKINS. She must be a fine pianner player arter a year at the observatory in Chicager.

LUCY. You mean Conservatory of Music, Mr. Jenkins, don't you?

JENKINS. I reckon, Miss Lucy. Why do you call me Mr. Jenkins all the time, Miss Lucy? (*Leans over her.*)

LUCY (*surprised*). Why should I not do so?

JENKINS. 'Cause I want you to call me Bill—plain Bill.

LUCY. Why not make it William? Will that do, William?

JENKINS (*pouts*). Thet's wusser'n Mr. Jenkins! What would the boys say if they heard ye call me William!

LUCY. If I am satisfied, what do you care what the boys say?

JENKINS. I never thought of that, Miss Lucy. (*Pauses —aside.*) I jist got to do it! It's a ticklish job, an' it's the fust time in Bill Jenkins' career that he showed signs of weakenin'! But it's got to be did now! (*Looks about, then braces up.*) Miss Lucy, I've got somethin' special to say to ye to-day.

LUCY (*clasps her hands, eagerly*). Ah, you are going to tell me another of your strange adventures!

JENKINS. I reckon so, Miss Lucy. Don't ye know I'm —you—me—I'm—. (*Pauses in confusion.*)

LUCY (*laughingly*). Take all the time you want, William.

JENKINS. Well, Miss Lucy, I'm putty handy with a gun, but I ain't no speech maker. What I wanted to say to ye wus, that—that—I'm allus athinkin' o' ye, day and night!

LUCY. Why think of me?

JENKINS. Kase I kaint help it, I reckon. You see,

I'm an ole hoss who hain't done much 'sides pull trigger when some fool tenderfoot thought hisself quicker'n me. I want to tell ye thet I've got a right smart graveyard of my own down in the hollow below the mill.

LUCY (*shudders*). Graveyard! What has it to do with me?

JENKINS (*confused*). I kaint say as it do, Miss Lucy, 'cept—'cept, I'm going to ask ye to take thet graveyard off'n my hands!

LUCY. What a strange request, William!

JENKINS (*falteringly*). It's jist this way, Miss Lucy. I'm agoin' out'n the graveyard business and buy and sell cattle—if—if—. (*Pauses.*)

LUCY (*interested.*) I follow you, William. If—?

JENKINS. If you say the word!

LUCY (*surprised*). I don't comprehend.

JENKINS. Well, I want to git married and settle down peaceable like, if so be a man kin git peace when he marries.

LUCY (*surprised*). You get married, William! To whom?

JENKINS. I'll tell ye by and by. (*Takes revolver out of pocket and offers it to* LUCY.) Fust, here's my gun. Thet was my sole capital when I went into the graveyard business.

LUCY (*takes revolver and handles it gingerly*). What in the world shall I do with this weapon?

JENKINS (*sadly*). Put it in a showcase in your parlor and label it somethin' like this—"Bill Jenkins' gun, out of commission."

LUCY (*toys with revolver*). I scarcely know what to say, William.

JENKINS (*takes document out of pocket*). Here's a deed to the little white cottage near the Methodist church down the road. I'm going to give that to my wife fur a home.

LUCY (*takes document*). Why, there's no name written *down here!*

JENKINS. Not jist yit, Miss Lucy, but I'm agoin' to ask you to put it down thar.

LUCY. Whose name shall it be, William?

JENKINS (*leans over her*). Yours, Miss Lucy.

LUCY (*starts in pleased surprise*). Mine!

JENKINS. You'll say yes, Miss Lucy? I know I hain't wuth much, 'cept I love ye better'n I love my gun, an' I'd die fur ye when ye said the word. 'Sides, you git the graveyard and the cottage so's ye kin go from one to tother when it suits ye. What d'ye say, Lucy?

LUCY (*rises, tremblingly*). I'll take you without the graveyard, Bill. (*She embraces him.* JENKINS *kisses her several times.*)

Enter JENNIE, *L. 2 E. She sees them and utters shout, then covers her face.*

JENNIE (*to others*). Oh, you spooners! You make me ashamed!

JENKINS (*releases* LUCY *in confusion*). I wish I hed my gun!

LUCY (*picks it up from seat and gives it to* JENKINS). I will lend it to you on condition you promise not to use it again upon a human being.

JENKINS (*dolefully*). Not even a tenderfoot? They hain't human, Lucy.

LUCY (*sternly*). Not even a tenderfoot! I must leave you now, Bill. (*Goes to veranda.*) Good-by, Bill. (*Throws kiss at* JENKINS, *who makes motion as if catching it, then she exits, L. 2 E.*)

JENNIE (*to* JENKINS). Good-by, Bill! (*She throws him a kiss and he makes threatening gesture. Exit* JENNIE, *L. 2 E., laughing.*)

JENKINS (*looks longingly after* LUCY, *then turns upstage, C.*). Durned queer how I feel now I've got thet thing off my mind! A ten-year-old kid kin sass me now and I wouldn't dar' lift my hand! (*Uproar in distance off L. U. E. He looks off.*) By gum! thar comes the stage! Thar's Mary asettin' next to Steve an' she's got a new hat! Thar's the Jedge behind her, but who's the old gal next to

him? By gum, if it hain't Mrs. Trevelyn! (*Clamor increases off L. U. E.*) Thar's goin' to be lively doin's to-night. (*Pauses, sadly.*) But Bill Jenkins, hes promised to shoot no mo'. I'm out o' the game now. (*Exit, R. U. E.*)

Clatter of vehicle, horses trotting and shouts grow louder and after a pause, enter MARY, *followed by* JUDGE, *and several* COWBOYS, *led by* SELBY. MARY *and* JUDGE *come down C., while* SELBY *and* COWBOYS *go R. C. Enter* SMITH *and* SCAR FACE, *L. U. E. They come down L. slowly and stand L. C.*

MARY (*looks about*). Why, the old place looks as natural as ever!

SELBY. You bet it do, Miss Mary! We put a new floor on the veranda since you left though, didn't we, boys?

COWBOYS (*together*). You bet we did, Selby!

MARY. Well, I'm awfully glad to get back, boys. I'm not going to make a speech, because dad is dying to throw oratorical bouquets in my behalf.

JUDGE (*puts arm about her*). Have your little joke at my expense, my dear. (*To others.*) In behalf of my daughter, gentlemen, I thank you for this cordial welcome.

SELBY. That's the talk! Jist like they does at a political meetin'.

JUDGE. After a year spent in the Conservatory of Music in Chicago, Mary returns to us with a diploma and the firm resolve never to leave Pine Bottom, except—except, on her wedding tour again!

COWBOYS (*together*). Hooray!

SELBY (*to* JUDGE). What was it ye said about Mary's wedding tower?

JUDGE (*aside to* MARY). Shall I tell them, Mary?

MARY (*nods*). I don't think it will do any harm, dad.

JUDGE (*to others*). Gentlemen, I have the honor to announce that my daughter, Miss Mary Buckley, will become the wife of Harry Morley this evening.

SELBY (*amazed*). Ye don't say, Jedge! (*To* MARY.) *He ain't ajokin'?*

MARY (*laughingly*). No, Selby, it's no joke—marriage, I mean. (*She confers with* JUDGE, *C.*)

SELBY (*aside, to* COWBOYS, *R. C.*). Morley's goin' to marry! That let's the calf out the corral, eh? (COWBOYS *whisper together.*) New clothes from Butte, new hat, new tie, new boots, new leggings, and then, gittin' shaved down to the barber shop!

A COWBOY. An' he didn't say a word about it, nuther!

SELBY. He ought to be lynched, that what he ought! (*To* MARY.) Miss Mary, we—the boys—I—they—them—durn it! I'm tongue-tied!

MARY. Don't worry about that, Selby. You're far handsomer when your tongue's that way. (COWBOYS *laugh uproariously.* SELBY *is nonplussed.*)

SELBY. I guess you're right, Miss Mary, but I wus agoin' to say that ye have our best wishes.

MARY (*emotion*). I thank you from my heart, Selby.

SELBY (*shyly*). An' we want ye to promise that ye will let us go to the funeral.

MARY (*surprised*). Funeral, Selby! Why, this is going to be a wedding.

SELBY. Same thing, ain't it, boys?

COWBOYS (*together*). You bet, Selby!

MARY. I regret that I must leave you for a time, boys. I invite you all to the wedding. (*Goes to veranda.*)

JUDGE (*at C., starts*). Great Scott!

MARY. What's the matter, dad?

JUDGE (*excitedly*). I've forgotten to fetch Mrs. Trevelyn!

MARY (*in horror*). Good gracious!

JUDGE. I left her at the barn arguing with the driver about her boxes. I'll have to fetch her, or—

MARY (*interrupts*). Be fined for contempt of court?

JUDGE (*at L. C.*). Naw—sued for breach of promise! (*Exit* JUDGE, *L. U. E.*)

MARY (*laughingly, to others*). It's an awful thing to be a slave to love, boys. May you profit by Judge Buckley's example. (*Exit, L. 2 E.*)

SELBY (*to* COWBOYS). We've got to hunt up Morley an' have this thing settled right here!

SMITH (*to* SELBY). That's right, Selby. Make him settle. When I was dodging dynamite bombs in Russia—

SELBY (*catches hold of* SMITH). You won't dodge anything arter we git through with you. Come along, boys. (*Shoves* SMITH *upstage R., followed by* COWBOYS, *who seize* SMITH *and hustle him along.*) Let's fill Smith with water and hunt up Morley. (*Exeunt* SELBY *and* COWBOYS, *R. U. E., dragging* SMITH *with them.*)

SCAR FACE (*at veranda—looks about*). Ugh! Morley git married—heap big fool! No squaw for Injin—squaw talk heap much. Weddin' to-day. Mebbe have whisky—Injin ask Jennie—she know. (*Looks off, L. 2 E.*) Will she give whisky to Injin—Ugh! I know—tell squaw she heap damn fine gal, den get quart! Good! (*He goes to L. 2 E., arranges his tattered blanket and exits with vast dignity, L. 2 E.*)

Voices heard offstage, L. U. E., then enter MRS. TREVELYN *in traveling gown, carrying several bundles, followed by* JUDGE, *who staggers under weight of several grips.*

MRS. TREV. (*indignantly, as she comes down C.*). How dare you leave me all alone at that filthy barn with those shocking cowboys, Judge Buckley? They might have abducted me and you been none the wiser!

JUDGE (*staggers down C.*). Abduct you, my dear! Not on your life! Those chaps haven't nerve enough to kidnap you.

MRS. TREV. (*puts down bundles on veranda*). Judge Buckley, when I accepted your proposal of marriage—

JUDGE (*interrupts, and throws down bundles on veranda*). Madam, I beg to remind you that it was you who proposed marriage to me, not I to you.

MRS. TREV. (*horrified*). You falsify, Judge Buckley! You disgrace the name of man! (*Weeps.*) Oh, had poor, dear Thorndyce suspected that his widow would ever be subjected to such humiliation, he—he—. (*Sobs.*)

JUDGE (*angrily*). He would have taken pleasure in dying quicker than he did, had he suspected it, madam!

MRS. TREV. (*weeps*). Poor Thorndyce! Where are you now?

JUDGE. To the devil with Thorndyce!

MRS. TREV. (*braces up suddenly*). What was that you said, Judge Buckley?

JUDGE (*mockingly*). I said, poor, dear, departed Thorndyce.

MRS. TREV. Oh, you are a lovable man after all! (*Embraces him.*) At last we agree! When we are married I will prove to you the lovableness of dear Thorndyce's character. He was such a sweet, charming soul, for a man.

JUDGE (*sighs*). How sweet his peace, he is at rest! Lucky devil!

MRS. TREV. (*embraces him again*). You are indeed noble, Judge Buckley! Your sentiments are so elevating, so inspiring!

JUDGE (*picks up bundles hastily*). We'll have to get these bundles out of the way and prepare for the marriage.

MRS. TREV. (*picks up bundles*). Ah, yes, I had almost forgotten it. Ah, I feel it in my heart, Judge Buckley, that when we are married we will be so happy.

JUDGE. It's a gamble, but I'll take the chance. (*Exeunt* JUDGE *and* MRS. TREV., *L. 2 E.*)

Enter MAITLAND, *L. U. E. Comes down C., looking about.*

MAITLAND (*as he looks about*). This must be the hotel where they told me I would find this man Morley. (*Distant uproar off R. U. E. He looks off R. U. E.*) What the deuce is that? A crowd of cow punchers dragging another. It looks like a hazing. (*He crosses to veranda and sits in easy chair.*)

Enter, R. U. E., SELBY *and* COWBOYS, *dragging* MORLEY, *who follows them laughingly, but with a show of resistance. He is dressed in walking suit, white shirt, flowing tie, new cowboy's hat, etc.*

MORLEY (*at C., laughs*). Come, boys, this is a rough

deal! I will have neither arms nor legs if this sort of thing continues.

SELBY. You don't deserve arms and legs arter the way you fooled us about this marryin' match of yours.

MORLEY (*bashfully*). You couldn't expect me to gallop down the trail advertising the event, could you? Marriage is a solemn thing, boys, and the least said about it, the better when you've made up your mind to take the plunge.

SELBY. But you might have whispered it to us, quiet like, so's we could sympathize with ye. Ain't I right, boys?

COWBOYS (*together*). You bet, Selby!

MORLEY. I know, but I wanted to surprise you at the last minute, boys.

SELBY (*walks about* MORLEY, *surveying him.*) New coat, new tie, new hats, new boots and durn my skin! a stand-up collar!

A COWBOY (*whistles*). Gee! a regular tenderfoot dude!

COWBOYS (*admiringly, together*). That's what!

MORLEY (*laughs*). Well, a man ought to have the privilege of fixing up a trifle on his wedding day, eh?

SELBY (*rubs hand on* MORLEY'S *shirt*). And a regular b'iled shirt, too!

MORLEY. I want you boys to do me a favor. I want you all to come to the wedding. (*All look nonplussed.*) You'll do it, boys? Say you will—

SELBY (*shakes hands with* MORLEY.) By beeswax! we'll be thar, won't we, boys?

COWBOYS (*together*). You bet, Selby.

MORLEY. Another thing, Selby, I want you to be my best man, I want you to stand up with me when Mary and I speak our vows.

SELBY. Now you've dealt me a hand, Morley, that stumps me to play like a dead-game sport. Me stand up alongside you and Mary? Me! Why, I ain't got the togs—I ain't equal to it, Morley!

MORLEY. Don't mind the togs! I know that under this frayed coat beats the most honest heart I have ever known! *You'll do it,* I know! Say you will, Selby.

SELBY. It takes grit like facing a stampede o' cattle on a dark night, but I'll do it, pard, if I die fur it!

MORLEY (*shakes his hand*). Thank you, old chap.

SELBY. We'll have to trim up a bit and git a few things to make the event enjoyable. Come along, boys.

(SELBY *and* COWBOYS *go up stage and whisper together.*)

MORLEY (*turns to them.*) I'll expect you at five o'clock, boys.

SELBY. We'll be in at the roundup, Morley. (*Exeunt with* COWBOYS, *R. U. E., whispering to each other.*)

MORLEY (*aside C.*). When I lose their companionship, I shall have an ache in my heart. Careless chaps though they be, they are true as steel. (*Turns to veranda.*)

MAITLAND (*on veranda, to* MORLEY). Have I the honor to address Harry Morley?

MORLEY. I am he. How may I serve you, sir?

MAITLAND (*comes C. with* MORLEY). I am C. Mason Maitland, attorney at law from New York, just arrived at Pine Bottom.

MORLEY (*starts*). A lawyer!

MAITLAND. You are, I believe, a nephew of the late Charles Winston, who died at Buffalo, N. Y., some three months ago.

MORLEY (*starts*). Uncle Charles dead! I had not heard of it.

MAITLAND. Then I am the bearer of good news, Mr. Morley.

MORLEY. Good news! How dare you, sir!

MAITLAND. I presume you did not owe him heartfelt thanks when he pressed that charge of burglary against you when, to save your brother from punishment, you accepted and served a term in prison?

MORLEY (*amazed*). How did you learn all this, sir?

Enter MARY, *L. 2 E., in house gown. She sees others, C., and halts at door and listens.*

MAITLAND (*laughs*). My dear fellow, I'm a lawyer and

it is my business to know everything! I assure you, I rejoice to say that your uncle of more or less blessed memory, on hearing of your noble sacrifice in a wild brother's behalf, made you his sole heir.

MORLEY. How came he to know of my troubles?

MAITLAND. Through a letter written by your brother Jack from this very place a year ago. He admitted his guilt, absolved you absolutely and said he was about to be executed for stage robbery.

MORLEY (*sadly*). Poor Jack! He loved me after all!

MAITLAND. Now sir, permit me to congratulate you upon the magnificent inheritance that is yours. Fully a million, sir!

MORLEY (*astonished*). You don't mean to say I'm a millionaire?

MAITLAND. Yes, on one condition which your late uncle insisted upon.

MORLEY. I thought so! There's always a string to good things!

MAITLAND. And it is, that you marry within three months after entering in possession of your estate.

MORLEY (*laughs*). I'll do it quicker than that—I'll get married to-day. (*Sees* MARY.) Mary! Mary!

MARY (*goes C. to* MORLEY). Harry! (*They embrace.*)

MORLEY. You look the same as ever, not changed a bit in that horrible Chicago climate. Got home safely, I see.

MARY. Yes, safely.

MORLEY. And glad to see me, aren't you, Mary?

MARY. That expresses it feebly, Harry. This is the happiest day of my life.

MORLEY. And mine, sweetheart. (*Looks about.*) I've great news for you.

MARY (*comes C.*). What's happened now, Harry?

MORLEY. Look at me! Do I resemble one of those millionaires you see in the fashion plates?

MARY. I'm thankful you do not, Harry. I wouldn't *marry you if you* looked like some of them.

MORLEY (*embraces her*). Well, we'll marry on condition that you take half of the million this gentleman has brought me.

MARY. I am in your hands, Harry. Do as you think best.

MAITLAND (*comes to* MORLEY). I see you are likely to accept the condition I spoke of—that of marrying.

MORLEY (*absorbed in* MARY). Oh, yes, yes!

MAITLAND. But there's another little matter of which I am reminded—some arrangement as to my fee.

MORLEY. Oh, you want a fee! Come around to-morrow!

MAITLAND (*produces a paper*). I have here an agreement which, if it meets with your approval, you may kindly sign.

MORLEY (*takes paper*). What sum does it call for, Maitland?

MAITLAND. A mere trifle of $10,000.

MORLEY. Make it $20,000, Maitland. (*Gives back paper.*) Make the change and I'll sign after the wedding.

MAITLAND. You're a gentleman, sir! Your name shall be emblazoned in brass upon the nation's monument—

MORLEY (*interrupts*). That'll do, Maitland! Don't talk of monuments to a fellow just when he's about to marry! (*Shivers.*) Ugh! You give me a chill!

MAITLAND (*goes to L. 2 E.*) Well, chills are peculiar to Montana. I'll see you later. (*Aside.*) Why didn't I ask for $20,000? He would have doubled it just the same. But I never did have any real horse sense! (*Exit, L. 2 E.*)

Enter SMITH *and* SCAR FACE, *arm in arm, R. U. E. They are intoxicated and come haltingly down C. and watch.*

MORLEY (*to* MARY). We shall soon be happy, Mary. Life has much in store for both of us.

MARY. If I succeed in making you happy, I shall ask for nothing more, my prince.

SMITH (*at L. C. to* SCAR FACE). 'Morley a prince! Then I'm a count.

SCAR FACE. Ugh! No 'count, Smith! You bum actor!

MORLEY (*turns to* SMITH). How dare you interrupt people in this unseemly manner, Smith?

SMITH. It's my nature, Morley. When I was running a railroad in Australia—

SCAR FACE (*interrupts*). Smit' mean when he was ridin' brakebeam.

MORLEY. Get out, both of you! (*To* MARY.) Come, Mary, we've got to see Maitland and the parson.

MARY (*as she goes L. 2 E.*). Particularly the parson, Harry. (*Exeunt both, L. 2 E., laughing.*)

SCAR FACE (*at C. to* SMITH). Ugh! you drive Morley away—now get no whisky.

SMITH. No whisky! You don't know me, Injin! I've got unlimited credit at the Red Light. (*Takes* SCAR FACE'S *arm.*) You come with me and see. When I was rushing the growler in St. Louis—

SCAR FACE (*interrupts*). You heap big bluff, Smit'!

SMITH. You never saw me bluff in your life, Injin! (*Drags him up C.*). Come along, now! When I was building air ships in France—

SCAR FACE (*interrupts*). You make Injin tired! Hope you go up in b'loon soon an' never come back! (*Exeunt* SCAR FACE *and* SMITH, *R. U. E.*)

Enter JENNIE, *L. 2 E. She stands on veranda and looks about cautiously.*

JENNIE (*looks about*). I never seen such spoonin' in all my born days! Everybody huggin' an' kissin', an' I hain't got a fellow to make googoo eyes at me! Nothin' but weddin's on tap for the next three months. (*Looks off, L. 2 E.*) There come the Judge and Mrs. Old Four Hundred of New York! Guess I'll hunt up the cow and get the milkin' done. (*Goes to L. U. E.*) The fever's

ketchin' an' I'm going to be married if I have to take old Scar Face himself! (*Exit, L. U. E.*)

Enter JUDGE *and* MRS. TREV., *L. 2 E.*

JUDGE (*as he goes C. with her*). Now that the preliminaries have been arranged, I want to have a heart to heart talk with you, dearie.

MRS. TREV. What is it now, petty!

JUDGE. We're going to be as happy as two bugs in a rug, darling.

MRS. TREV (*shudders*). Shocking simile, Judge Buckley! Bugs! Ugh!

JUDGE (*embraces her*). A slip of the judicial tongue, dearie. We'll be as happy as—as—hang it! happy as what?

MRS. TREV. Why, poor dear Thorndyce—

JUDGE (*with grimace*). Damn Thorndyce!

MRS. TREV (*shocked*). Damn Thorndyce! Did you say, damn Thorndyce?

JUDGE. Oh, no, the court never uses profane language. I said, bless Thorndyce.

MRS. TREV. I knew there must be some dreadful mistake, petty. Oh, I'm sure we shall be as happy as two turtle doves. (*They confer, R. C.*)

Enter JENKINS *and* LUCY, *L. U. E. They come down C.*

JENKINS (*to* JUDGE). May it please the co'te—ahem!

JUDGE (*in mock anger*). I fine you for contempt, sir!

JENKINS. Don't make it too heavy, Jedge, kase I'll need all the stamps I'se got to begin housekeepin' on.

JUDGE. Ho, ho! It's all fixed then, Jenkins?

JENKINS. Yaas, I've given Miss Lucy my gun, graveyard and cottage, an' I reckon I've made a good trade.

MRS. TREV (*to* LUCY). Bless you, my child! You will find such a charming husband in Mr. Pinkins.

LUCY. You mean Jenkins, Mrs. Trevelyn.

JENKINS (*nettled*). Pinkins! It's lucky fur somebody I hain't got any gun no mo'!

MRS. TREV. Pardon me, I meant to say, Simpkins.

JENKINS (*desperately to* LUCY). Give me back my gun, Lucy! To be called Pinkins and Simpkins is more'n human natur kin stand!

JUDGE (*slaps him on back*). Don't mind that, Bill. So long as she doesn't call you Thorndyce you have no kick coming. (JUDGE *and* JENKINS *confer, L. C.,* MRS. TREV. *and* LUCY *confer, R. C.*)

Enter MORLEY *and* MARY, *L. 2 E. They stand on veranda. Enter* JENNIE, *L. U. E., running.*

JENNIE (*as she comes down C., in sing-song fashion*). The parson has came! The parson has came!

MORLEY (*looks about*). Where is he, Jennie?

JENNIE. In the kitchen.

ALL (*surprised*). Kitchen!

JENNIE (*at C.*). He said he was most starved and so I gave him the first hack at the wedding cake.

MORLEY (*comes* C.). I hope he won't eat all of it.

JENNIE (*runs to L. 2 E.*) Well, I guess not, when I'm around! I'm goin' to have some of that cake myself! (*Exit, L. 2 E.*)

MARY (*goes C. to* MORLEY, *laughs*). I fear there's no reforming that girl.

MORLEY (*laughs*). We'll see about that, Mary. (*Aside to* JUDGE.) Is it all fixed, Judge? (*Points to* MRS. TREV.)

JUDGE. It's all settled, Morley.

MORLEY (*shakes* JUDGE'S *hand*). I congratulate you. Whenever you should want a divorce, Judge, all you'll have to do is to sign a decree.

JUDGE (*threatens him*). You rascal! (MORLEY *laughs and runs C. to Mary, C. They confer.* JUDGE confers *with* MRS. TREV. *and* LUCY, *R. C. Jenkins walks about, L. C.*)

Enter SELBY *and* COWBOYS, *R. U. E. They are dressed in*

walking suits, more or less awkward, and as they come down C., they show they are out of their element. They stand upstage C., in a row, adjusting their suits with ludicrous effect.

MORLEY (*to* COWBOYS). Hello, boys! Glad to see you. Why, you look mighty solemn. What's up?

SELBY. Well, Morley, this is a solemn affair an' we hev cut out laughin' fur to-day.

MORLEY (*goes to them and looks them over*). Nonsense! I want you to laugh. Now, all together, boys! Ha, ha!

COWBOYS (*gloomily, together*). Ha, ha!

SELBY. Ye see, Morley, 'twon't do, 'tain't in us. We hain't no hyeners to laugh, when we wanter bawl. (*He works about his tie.*) Durn that tenderfoot that told me this was the proper thing fur weddin's! (*Takes off collar and throws it away.* COWBOYS *follow suit.*) Dang it! I kin breathe now! Them collars ain't made fur men, but monkeys!

MORLEY (*laughs*). That's right, boys! Be comfortable.

SELBY. We want to say a word to Miss Mary afore the trap's sprung.

MARY (*advances C. to* SELBY). What do you want, Selby?

SELBY. Nothin' much, Mary. The boys and me thought this thing over and we got a few things to show how much we all loved ye; cause you never was a stuck-up gal. So, as a starter, I'm handin' you this. (*Gives her parcel.*)

MARY. How kind of you! (*Opens package and takes out a nursing bottle. She starts in surprise.*)

SELBY (*watches* MARY). 'Tain't much, Miss Mary, but you might find that ere thing useful some day. (*All laugh.*)

MORLEY (*digs him in ribs—aside*). The less you say about that the better, Selby.

SELBY. Oh, I'll be mum, Morley. (*Takes another parcel from* COWBOY.) We thought ye might also need this, Miss Mary, so we brought it along. (*Gives her parcel.*)

MARY (*laughs*). This is a day of surprises. (*Opens parcel and displays a baby rattle.*) How lovely!

MORLEY. We'll put it in a glass case, Selby. Come along now!

SELBY. Hold on! We ain't through yet! Thar's more to come!

MORLEY (*surprised*). More!

SELBY (*takes small box out of pocket*). It's little, but it's durned good, I reckon. The boys and me hev brought you a lasting token of our friendship. (*Gives her box.*)

MARY (*as she opens box*). I'm sure you overwhelm me with kindness, boys. (*Takes diamond ring from box and holds it up.*) What a beautiful diamond! Oh, thank you from my heart, my dear friends.

SELBY. Everytime you look at that diamond, Miss Lucy, we want ye to think of the cowboys who wouldn't have thought no more of dying fur you than they would of chawin' bacon! When you see it sparkle we want ye to believe that our hearts are in the right place. Am I right, boys?

COWBOYS (*together*). You bet, Selby!

Clock strikes five off, L. 2 E. Enter JENNIE, *L. 2 E.*

JENNIE (*to others*). The parson is waitin' in the parlor.

MORLEY (*to* SELBY). No flinching, now, Selby! You're my best man!

SELBY. It's a hard hand to play, but I'll play it if I die for it!

MORLEY (*to* MARY). I will ever try to make you happy, Mary.

MARY (*takes his arm*). I know you will, Harry! I could never make a mistake when I trusted to the honor of a cowboy! (*Organ sounds off, L. 2 E,* MORLEY and MARY *start for L. 2 E.* JUDGE *and* MRS. TREV. *follow and then come* JENKINS *and* LUCY. SELBY *walks pompously in advance of* COWBOYS. JENNIE *stands on veranda watching others until .*)

CURTAIN.

At the End of the Rainbow

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy, 3 acts; 6 males, 14 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** Easy to set. 3 interiors. **Characters:** Robert Preston, a lawyer. Douglas Brown, a football player. Dick Preston, the groom. Stanley Palmer, "Hawkins, the butler." Ted Whitney, captain of the Varsity team. Jack Austin, Preston's secretary. Marion Dayton, a ward of Preston. Nellie Preston, a bride. Louise Ross, known as Miss Grayson. Phyllis Lane, a football enthusiast. Kathleen Knox, chairman of the rushing committee. The Imp, a freshman. Emily Elliott, with a conscience. Jane, a maid with a taste for literature. Mrs. Brown, step-mother of Douglas Brown. Polly Price, Elsa Ernest, Marjorie Arnold, Marie Swift, Molly Bruce, of the Theta Phi.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Ted's plea to Phyllis to help the college. The promise. Nell comes to the rescue of Theta Phi. Mollie becomes a maid. Dick employs a butler. The agreement. "Douglas Brown will play!"

Act II.—Maid and butler discuss affairs. The old story, "Hearts and Masks." The plot to steal the papers. The combination of the safe. The "Imp" makes a startling discovery. Marion's sacrifice.

Act III.—The football game. Louise betrays Phyllis. "I have lost him forever." The victory and jubilation. The "Imp" is indignant. "My wings haven't sprouted yet." Robert and Marion find "the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

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A Rustic Romeo

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

A musical comedy in 2 acts, 10 males, 12 females. Only 5 m. and 4 f. have lines. The rest are in the chorus. It can be played by 5 m., 4 f., eliminating the chorus. It will prove equally successful when produced without music. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** 1 exterior, 1 interior. **Characters:** John Jabe Doolittle, the would-be heart smasher of Chowderville. Hink Spinny, who peddles tinware, woodenware and hardware everywhere. Sid Roberts, who longs for the "Great White Way." Azariah Figg, storekeeper. Grandpaw Blue, the oldest inhabitant. Evalina Tupper, the village belle. Miss Dee, a lovelorn critter. Mrs. Spriggs, looking for the third. Honeysuckle Spriggs, her little sunbeam. The Chowderville fire brigade and its charming society leaders, constitute the chorus. Contains ten exceptionally clever songs, humorous and sentimental. "I Want a Big-Town Girl" is set to original music. The remainder are sung to familiar college airs. "Pretty Girls," "I'm Falling in Love Again," "Moonlight Serenade," "John Jabe's Wedding," "Over the Banister," "The Chowder Fire Brigade," "Gay Manhattan," "Love's Waltz" and "On the Fourth of July." A most interesting plot wound about the events of a small town, which keeps one's interest keen until Figg finally locates his $70.00 and John Jabe gets a wife. This play is a decided novelty. Directions are given with the songs, explaining in detail how the chorus may be drilled to march, form figures, pictures, etc., which are very effective, yet in the range of amateurs. A clever stage director should make this show equal most metropolitan successes. Especially recommended for college productions. Professional stage rights reserved and a royalty of five dollars required for amateur performance.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Chowderville on a busy day. Honeysuckle and St. Cecelia astonish the rubes. The boy whose father was bad. "Do I look like a tall-grass sister?" Miss Dee, a lone, lorn critter, tells of the awfulness of the world. The village belle and the Rustic Romeo. "Girls, girls, girls!" A matrimonial advertisement from a clinging little blonde named Golden-haired Flossie. Hink Spinney tries to propose to Evalina. "If I only had $70!" Mrs. Spriggs astonishes the natives. "I'll make you think a Kansas tornado has struck your town." A moonlight serenade. The robbery. "Who stole my $70?"

Act II.—John Jabe's hotel on the Fourth of July. A country wedding. Honeysuckle and the four rubes. "Skidoo is New York talk for scat." The Fairfield Road folks come to the wedding. Miss Dee's wedding present, a bottle of Miggins' Stomach Balm, good "fer every ailment in the human cistern." An unwilling bridegroom. Figg catches the thief—almost. The Chowder fire brigade. A suspicious bride with a temper. Deserted on her wedding morn. "We'll be as happy as two little twin cubebs." A double wedding and divided wedding presents. Figg recovers his $70. Patriotic finale: On the Fourth of July.

"We played 'A Rustic Romeo' a few nights ago to a packed house. A dandy play for amateurs."—Tom Conley, Luling, Texas.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
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Uncle Ephraim's Summer Boarders

By WILLIS N. BUGBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

Novelty entertainment, 3 acts; 12 males, 16 females, and a number of young people for choruses. Time, 1¾ hours. A great diversity of country types and city characters, including Irish, German, dude, darky, society woman and daughters, actress, suffragette, children, etc. Uncle Ephraim has become financially involved and his daughters save the old homestead by taking summer boarders. The last act, a lawn party, gives opportunity to introduce any number of specialties. Contains two most pleasing songs with very catchy music by Harry C. Eldridge, entitled "The Old Farmhouse" and "Summer Boarders." The author has leased this play in manuscript for a number of seasons and it is a tried success. We highly recommend it and believe it is one of the best entertainments on the market.

When the Circus Came to Town

By HARRY L. NEWTON.

Price, 25 Cents

Dramatic comedy, 3 acts; 5 males, 3 females. Time, about 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** 1 exterior, 1 interior. **Characters:** Cyrus Skinner, sheriff, justice of the peace and innkeeper. Jerry Barker, manager of The Great Wonderland Circus. Zuzu, the principal clown and in love with Peaches. Francis Clay, a disreputable young Kentuckian. George Worthington, an erudite Bostonian. Peaches, the "Queen of Bareback Riders." Mother Rickie, wardrobe mistress. Annabelle Reeves, an heiress.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—"He's a fine feller, even if he does come from Boston." The circus is tied up by an attachment, which brings the performers to the tavern—hungry. Zuzu finds the "eats." Annabelle meets George. Mr. Clay introduces himself to the circus folks and gets familiar upon short acquaintance. He makes the clown "cut-up" and tries to kiss Peaches, but George averts a possible tragedy. "You're all right."

Act II.—Peaches and Zuzu try the art of bread making. George calls on Annabelle. "What a man he is!" Mr. Clay again appears. "What I go after I usually get." Clay proposes to Peaches. "Say, what are you doing, reading one of them yellow novels?" "Mother" declares Peaches and Zuzu must marry. "I'm happy, Zuzu—almost. If we was only back with the circus again." Peaches and Zuzu show circus stunts with the aid of a kitchen table. "No, it ain't real circus. I thought it was, Zuzu, but it ain't."

Act III.—Mr. Clay still plots. "Here's two thousand, real money. Take it or not." "Keep it! That outfit will stay there forever!" Zuzu announces his betrothal. Jerry gets a wire. "Oh, folks, he's telegraphed the coin to move the troupe." Zuzu makes a clown out of Clay. "Walk out of this yard and give a correct imitation of a man that's never coming back." George and Annabelle decide to marry. Peaches refuses the simple life idea. "Back to the sawdust."

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Indian Days



Book and Lyrics by T. L. SAPPINGTON and Music by HENRY B. VINCENT.

A MUSICAL COMEDY.

Price, 50 Cents

5 Males, 2 females and chorus of Braves and Indian girls. Time, 1 hour. One exterior scene. **Characters:** Pocahontas McGuigan McGuire, an Irish widow and an Indian Queen. Singing Bird, a pretty Indian Princess. Frozen Face, a medicine man with a liking for Pocahontas. Eagle Plume and Purring Panther, war chiefs, both in love with Singing Bird. Two Warriors. Contains eight songs, both humorous and sentimental: "Canoe Song," "Pretty Forest Girl," "Pocahontas McGuigan McGuire," "The South Wind," "Tell Me," "The Medicine Man," "Whist, Little Injun," and "Finale." The plot is clever and brimful of comedy. The lyrics are particularly well written and the music varied and lilting. "Tell Me," sung by Singing Bird, will fairly carry one to the wildwood among the brooks and the forest birds, and its melody will long linger in one's memory. Complete directions for staging, costumes, etc. Nothing better of its nature published and sure to please.

In Plum Valley

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

Rural comedy drama, 4 acts; 6 males, 4 females. **Time,** 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** Easy to set. 1 interior, 2 exteriors. **Characters:** Uncle Jared Wilkins, a down-east farmer. Dr. Arthur Markham, a young physician. Hugh Elkins, an adventurer. Bill Stouter, who can't stand high altitudes. Charlie Scott, a Plum Valley rustic. Ted Simpkins, a village constable. Hazel Wilkins, daughter of Uncle Jared. Aunt Lucinda Wilkins, wife of Uncle Jared. Sallie Brown, a romantic farm maid. Grace Stollard, a woman with a past.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Scott declares his love for Sallie. "I'm going to marry a Count." Elkins discloses his plans to Stouter. Jared and the calf. An awful cuss word. The accusation. Hazel spurns Elkins. The blow. "You're true blue, by gravy!"

Act II.—Jared tells the news. Elkins plays his trump card. Scott overhears conversation. The advertisement incriminating Markham. Hazel confesses to her father. Markham tells his story. The arrest.

Act III.—The picnic. The jollification. Markham's innocence established. Grace meets Elkins. A cowardly blow. Jared's answer to Elkins. "Go plumb to Jericho!"

Act IV.—The letter. Grace acquitted. Her story of Elkin's perfidy. Jared defies dyspepsia. Elkins steals Hazel's jewels. Stouter on the water wagon. Course of true love runs smoothly.

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For Love and Honor, 20 min..	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min..		5
Fun in a Photograph Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Great Doughnut Corporation, 30 min.	3	5
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min..	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min....	4	3
Happy Pair, 25 min.....	1	1
I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min..	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min...	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min...	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min...	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min....		8
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4	3
Mrs. Stubbins', Book Agent, 30 min.	3	2
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr....	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min..	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min.....	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.		5
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Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
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Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.....	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min.....	4	3
Second Childhood, 15 min....	2	2
Smith, the Aviator, 40 min...	2	3
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.....	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.....	3	2
Those Red Evening Dresses, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min.....	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.		4
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min....	3	3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White		8
Two of a Kind, ...		
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Wanted a Chaperon, ...		
Wanted	1	1
Which Will He Marry?	2	8
Who Is Who?		
Wide Awake, ...		
Wrong Bell, ...		
Yankee	7	

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Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min..	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
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Her Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.....	1	
Home Run, 15 min.....	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min.....	2	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.....	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.....	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min..	1	
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min..	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.....	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min....	1	1
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One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.....	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min.....	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.....	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.....		1
Special Sale, 15 min.....	2	
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min..	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min.....	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min...	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min..	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min....	2	
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